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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

☞ We would ask the writer of the following article, whether the sins of Great Britain against her pauper children, in any way excuse our sins against the slaves? Secondly, whether having read our slave laws, and the constant advertisements in our Southern papers, he can, with a clear conscience, pronounce their condition better than that of the English factory children in their worst estate?—Thirdly, we would inquire where, or how, he read the history of St. Domingo, to be unaware of the fact, that the very infernals themselves could scarcely have exceeded in cruelty those old French planters? The course of England toward St. Domingo was simply that always recommended and practised by Diplomatists, when a hostile nation is infested by intestine feuds.

From the New-York Star.

ABOLITION MISSIONARY.

We are indebted to our good friend, Great Britain, for another missionary from the abolitionists, in the person of a Mr. Joseph Sturge, who has lately made his appearance on these shores; and our obligations to England are so numerous for a succession of these missionaries on errands of love and humanity, that one day the obligations may be acknowledged and repaid in the most public and formal manner, and in a way more costly and impressive than those who thus impertinently interfere in our domestic affairs anticipate. This last importation is not less modest than his predecessors. This Joseph Sturge has had the impudence to visit the President, and to publish an address to his brother abolitionists in this country, in which Congress is abused, our laws and institutions abused, and every thing abused except John Quincy Adams, who, by his course in the House of Representatives, has won the approbation and confidence of incendiaries and fanatics. The address concludes by recommending the abolitionists to consolidate their forces as *a political body* in this country.

The gross and palpable hypocrisy of the English government on this slave question has never been properly exposed to the world. For the last few years, whenever inquiry has been set on foot as to the motives, the true object of British interference in this matter, the answer is, "How can you doubt the sincerity of our motives, when you look at our sacrifices? Have we not expended, from first to last, in the cause of humanity, more than one hundred millions of dollars? Have we not set the example, by liberating or purchasing the liberation of the slaves in our own West India colonies?" The favorite mask of hypocrisy is that of religion and humanity; and religion and humanity have been the pretexts for enforcing the *political* interests and views of England. The effects of her first errand of love and mercy were manifested in St. Domingo, then belonging to France, her enemy! That island was the paradise of all earthly possessions. The soil, rich and fruitful—the owners of plantations, among the most intelligent, liberal, and humane of the French nobility—the slaves, so called, were the happiest among the sons of labor, until the *humanity* of England raised the torch of the incendiary—devastated by fire all the rich plantations of that island, slaughtered the unoffending white inhabitants, and subjected the island to the dominion of the blacks, under which it is at this day groaning. The government is now a black military despotism; its fair fields are lying waste, and slavery in its worst form, the black man being the slave of the black man, prevails throughout the island. The conquest of the West India islands by England has turned out to be unprofitable, their income being in a measure less than their expenditure, and colonial legislatures manifesting at times an unpleasant independence; yet these possessions cannot be abandoned. The blacks are liberated, turned loose upon the whites, and after a few years of decay, the West India Islands will follow the example of Hayti, and become black governments, and thus relieve England from the cost of maintaining them.

The United States has seventeen millions of inhabitants, and is becoming a formidable power in population and resources. It is time, England thinks, to *divide* the Union, and weaken the power of this country. This is not to be done by open war—for war, though it would seriously harrass and injure this country, would unloose all Europe on England—but the *abolition* question is to do the business; the North is to be set on the South; our own citizens are to raise the incendiary torch. We are to become divided against ourselves under this religion and humanity doctrine, preached by English missionaries.

How would it answer to return the poisoned chalice to British lips, by sending missionaries throughout England to urge the abolition of *white* slavery and its attendant horrors, throughout the manufacturing districts? How would it answer to aid the poor Irish in asserting their freedom by a repeal of the Union? How would it tell in the history of humanity to point to the hundred millions of slaves held by England in the East Indies? Nay, even at this moment is not England *carrying on the slave trade with Africa*, by strengthening the black population of the West India Islands with thousands of blacks, sent there under the name of emigrants?

Let the friends of humanity read the following from a Parliamentary report of the condition of the *white* slave laborers in the manufactories of England:—

"Eliza Marshall—lives at Leeds—worked at Marshall's factory. Am seventeen years old. Father dead. Sister and self did what we could to support mother. Have cried many an hour in the factory. Could scarcely get home—sometimes had to be 'trailed' home. I have an iron on my right leg, and my knee is contracted. Worked in great pain and misery. I was straight before. Sister carried me up to bed many a time. The surgeon says it is with long standing at the mill, and that the marrow is quite dried up, and will never be formed again."

No. 2.—"Stephen Binns stated: I have worked in Mr. Marshall's factory. The work produces deformity. It lames the children. The work exacted from the children is all that can possibly be done. It cannot be done without resorting to flogging. It is an offence for any one to speak to another. The water used for hot spinning is heated from 110 to 120 degrees. The children have almost continually to plunge their hands and arms in that water. The heat of the rooms and the steam almost macerate their bodies, and their clothes are steamed and wet. If they fall sick, they are turned adrift directly—without provision. If a girl complains of ill usage, she is discharged immediately, without any redress. The present system is ruining the rising generation. It is sacrificing the children for a paltry consideration!"

No. 3.—"Samuel Downe. I was ten years old when I began to work at Mr. Marshall's mill at Shrewsbury. We began at five in the morning, and worked till eight at night. The engine never stopped, except forty minutes at dinner time. The children were kept awake by a blow or a box. Very considerable severity was used in that mill. I was strapped most severely, till I could not bear to sit upon a chair, without having pillows: and I was forced to lie upon my face in bed at one time, and through that I left. I was strapped on my legs, and then I was put upon a man's back, and then I was strapped and buckled with two straps to an iron pillar and flogged. After that the overlooker took a piece of tow and twisted it in the shape of a cord, and put in my mouth, and tied it behind my head; he thus gagged me. We were thus beaten. We were never allowed to sit down. Young women were beaten as well as young men."

No. 4.—"The overlooker examined says, he walks round the room with a stick in his hand, and if a child falls drowsy over his work, he touches that child on the shoulder, and conducts it to an iron cistern which is filled with water. He then takes the child (heedless of sex) by the legs, and dips it overhead in the cistern, and sends it to its work. In that dripping condition the child labors for the remainder of the day. That is the punishment for drowsiness." * * *

"We have a vast number of cripples. Some are crippled from losing their limbs—many from standing too long. It first begins with a pain in the ankle; after that, they will ask the overseer to let them sit down—but they must not. They then begin to be weak in the knee—then knock-kneed—after that their feet turn out—they become splay-footed, and their ankles swell as big as my fists. I know many deformed in the way described."

Is there a slave so called in this country who can read the above, or have it read to him, who would not exclaim, "Thank God, I am not a *white* slave in England!" Is there any slavery in this country *approaching* in hardship and suffering to the above?

England has nothing to gain, and much to lose, by bringing her *policy* to bear on the institutions of this country. She is not altogether in smooth water herself. She has troubles abroad and at home; the under current is not exactly in the right direction. "*Laissez nous faire.*"

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

BRITISH MODESTY.

If the people of the United States are not well instructed in the knowledge of their duties, it will not be owing to the want of foreign instructors. The labors of Mr. George Thompson in this line are still fresh in the recollection of many of our citizens. This gentleman, we believe, terminated his benevolent efforts somewhat abruptly. He was speedily succeeded by Mr. James Silk Buckingham, of Oriental notoriety, who thought proper to address a circular to this nation on the subject of duelling. We observed, a short time since, that a Mr. James Hoby, through the columns of the Christian Watchman, was attempting to edify the Baptists of the United States on the subject of slavery. Last, and perhaps least, Mr. Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, has seen fit to address the people of this nation on the same subject. We would gladly be informed of the reasons which induce these persons, foreigners, and of no particular consideration at home, thus to obtrude their advice and counsel upon a whole nation. Mr. Sturge is, we understand, a respectable flour dealer in Birmingham. We wish him a safe return to his friends, and success in his proper vocation. But we have had of late rather too much of this impertinent interference. It is time that it should cease.

Selections.

From the Emancipator,

LETTERS ON JAMAICA.—No. 2.

RELIGION.

To a superficial observer, the religion of the people seems much better than it really is; there is much religious phraseology, and constant though irreverent and unmeaning utterings of "if God will," "by the help of God," &c. upon all occasions. The habits of deception, so carefully cultivated during slavery, cling to them, and those forms which delude others, deceive themselves.

Such things, sad as they are, are not wonderful. They are the appropriate fruits of slavery, and are to be expected in a solid mass of ignorance, but just released from its fetters, and teeming with all its unutterable abominations.

There are some beautiful illustrations of the power of the gospel. The emancipated population, for the most part, are adult children, and when their hearts are really turned to the Saviour, there is a childlike simplicity in their faith, that is beautiful and winning. Such examples are not wanting, though few.

The desire of the people for chapels, shows itself in nothing more than in the large sums they contribute for their erection. In respect of benevolent contributions, the people of Jamaica shame England and America.

They have not been free long enough to learn what covetous persons call the "value of money," nor the philosophy of growing rich by adding cent on cent.

CRIME.

Immediately after the emancipation, there was an increase of criminal offences in the large towns upon the sea-boards. The reason of this was, the release of the reckless and desperate characters from the estates. These naturally tended to the commercial depots, as they afforded wider scope for successful chicanery.

Richard Hill, Esq. who, as Secretary of the Department of Special Justices, stands at the head of all information upon this point, informed me, that facts fully sustained this explanation; that, simultaneously with the increase of crime in the towns, there was a marked decrease in the rural districts.

It is a cheering fact, that now, crime in the villages, and in some of the cities, is considerably on the decrease.

There was at the emancipation, an increase of petty actions, for the most part growing out of the differences between the overseers and laborers, upon the subjects of rent and wages. Mr. Hill told me that the fines arising from this source were sufficient, during the last year, to meet all the expenses of the poor of the town, (Spanish Town,) but so greatly had they decreased, that the fines for the first four months of this year, had not amounted to £5 currency.

There have been many instances of petty theft, but they have been confined to *petty theft*. The reason why the calender shows an increase, even in the cities, is not because more petty thefts are committed now than formerly, but because, under the old system, summary punishment by the master followed detection, without the intervention of the Justices' court.

There has occurred but one case of murder by blacks, since the emancipation. The two despicable villains who perpetrated it have expiated their offence with their lives. The atrocious crimes have generally been committed by white men, though there are only about 25,000 whites in a population of 400,000.

There is not the least comparison between the number and atrocity of crimes committed in the city of New-York, and in the island of Jamaica. Murder, arson, robbery, infanticide, burglary, and crimes of a similar character, are ten-fold, aye, fifty-fold more frequent here than there, though Jamaica has one-third the larger population.

There are no commitments for vagrancy; there are no such characters in the island. Mr. Hill stated that the only person who sustained such a character, whom he knew, was the beggared widow and orphans of an Irish emigrant, and pity forbade her commitment.

STATE OF THE CROPS.

The terrible drought that has for so long a period afflicted the island, has well nigh ruined those for this year; and in connection with overtrading, the sudden suspension of discounts by all the banks, and the difficulties in South America, with which Jamaica has a large commerce, has produced an embarrassment in trade and finances, not unlike, though not so severe, as that which has penetrated this country.

During the first year of freedom, there was much bickering upon the subjects of rent and wages. The laborers demanded the same price, or rather less than is now universally given. The overseers refused it; and, as if determined to fulfil their own predictions of ruin, suffered the cane, in multiplied instances, to rot down, rather than meet what they termed the exorbitant demands of the people. Many persons, seeing things in such a state, and unwilling to make expenditure, in circumstances of such doubtful promise, neglected to renew the canes, and to keep the fields clean, and the next crop was a short one. Last year, having gathered confidence from the deportment of the people, and severely felt the losses of the preceding years, there was preparation for a full crop; and though the laborers were generally at work, there was a cry for more, and an expensive scheme of immigration was resorted to. But the drought blasted all their hopes. By their recklessness and folly, the crops of '38 and '39 were lost; their greatest care could not preserve that of 1840.

The influence of the drought, in some respects, will be very beneficial. It has taught the planters and people that their interests are identical, and that the wisest policy for both, is a mild and equitable one. Causes of dispute are fast fading away, and more rational views are generally adopted by both classes.

WANT OF LABOR.

In certain localities this may be felt, but only where the course of the proprietor has been perverse and unbending.

Many persons have left the estates because they could best promote their interests by other means than digging cane holes. Others have left, because the soil or climate forbid the culture of the common articles of diet. For instance, the Port-Royal Mountains yield the best coffee in the world—it pays the highest price in the London market; but the district is too cold to yield good yams, and the people have cultivated garden vegetables for the Kingston market. Now they are removing to St. Andrews, where they can raise the ordinary "bread kind." Again, the parish of Vere is the best sugar parish of the island; but it is too low, flat, and dry, and the people are removing to the hilly districts.

This is unhappy for the proprietors, but who can blame the people? The evil lies back in the system of slavery, which held them upon the estates at the sacrifice of many of the comforts and conveniences of life.

Some have been driven off by the refusal of the proprietor to sell or lease land. Determined upon owning a homestead, they have looked elsewhere.

Vexatious prosecutions upon the questions of double rent and pay, have disaffected many, and driven them from the homes of their fathers.—There is a large coffee property in the parish of St. George, the proprietor of which doubles the rent upon his laborers every week in which they do not work four days continuously upon his property. A thousand things may call their attention upon other days than Friday and Saturday; but it matters not, double rent is the consequence. Are you surprised that nearly all the people have left the property? and that though one hundred recaptured Africans were located upon it in 1839, scarce one remains?—They left upon the expiration of three years indenture, in a mass.

There are now about a hundred Irish emigrants on the estate; they were nearly all Father Mathew's men, but the priest absolved them of their vow, and rum is now sold out to them as a plantation ration! The proprietor of that property is an elder in the Scotch kirk.

The adjoining property of Mamme Hill forms a striking contrast with this. During the last year of apprenticeship, the proprietor paid $900 for jobbing gangs. In the first year of freedom, the hands on the property did all the work that was done the previous year, including the work done by the jobbers, pruned the coffee, and called for more work. The year past has increased the hands by a few disaffected ones from the neighboring property; they have performed all the labor of last year, and in addition, have cleared twenty acres of woodland, and planted it in coffee.

For the past year, there has been no overseer, or even book keeper upon Mamme Hill. Mr. Dougherty, the former overseer, superintends several estates, and only visits it to point out the work and pay the hands. Double rent is abolished, and the people are kindly treated.

RISE OF LAND.

As a general fact, it is undoubtedly true that land has risen in value. Estates have not been much in the market, and there are few resident gentlemen of sufficient wealth to purchase, when they are there.

But, when offered for lease, they are taken immediately. I was informed by a gentleman who is a proprietor, and a member of Assembly, that before applications from distant parts of the Island could be received for good leaseholds, advertised in the city prints, they were generally taken up.

The following fact is by no means a singular one. I have heard several similiar. A large attorney informed the Duke of B. that one of his extensive estates was going to ruin, &c. &c. Directions were given the attorney, by return packet, to lease the property, if possible. There was no publication of the property for lease, there was no competition; yet it was privately leased for £3000, $6000. The attorney was the lessee!

Though the embarrassments of commerce and the failure of merchants have reduced the prices of wares and merchandize generally, yet land seems to retain its value, and to be in demand. A few days before I left me Island, I learned the following fact:—Dellas Castle, in Port Royal Mountains, containing 2000 acres of land, was purchased a few years since, (1838) by a gentleman, for £2,500 currency. He sold off several hundred acres to the people in small lots at high prices, and having made repairs to the amount of about £1,500 cur., offers one thousand acres, including houses and improvements, for £7000 cur.—and a gentleman is negotiating for it. Town lots, city property, and farm land, in lots from two to five acres, find ready sale at high prices.

APPRENTICESHIP AND SLAVERY.

I have never found any one who was willing to institute a comparison between the present system and those of apprenticeship and slavery. Many seem to regard the former as more miserable than either. Certain it is, many evils have been entailed upon the Island by it, and planters and people laugh at the arguments that used to be urged in its favor. Neither have I met with a single individual, whether merchant or planter, who, whatever he might say of the decrease of the staples, or the ruin of the Island, expressed a willingness to return to slavery. The most doleful stories and anticipations of misery have been concluded with—"Yet I would not go back to slavery; bad as things are, they are better than to have slavery again."

I am satisfied that the proprietary body have injured themselves by their unceasing cry of ruin.—They seem to see this themselves now. They have compelled the people of England to believe them; the reduction in the duty and the discussions on the foreign sugar duty, have doubtless been much facilitated by their clamors. They are now afraid the reduction of the sugar duty will ultimately seriously injure them, and they ask time to recover from the shock incidental to so great a change, before they are called to compete with slave-grown products of Cuba and Brazil; a task which was beyond their power in the palmiest days of slavery.

Very respectfully, I remain
your affectionate brother,
C. STEWART RENSHAW.

COLORED POPULATION IN CANADA.—It is computed by the Montreal Courier that there are about 20,000 negroes in Canada, who have escaped from slavery in the southern States. An attempt is making to induce the colored population to emigrate to Jamaica. The results of the abolition of slavery in the West Indies have been, that thousands of former slaves have become freeholders, and such is the scarcity of labor, and the high premium it commands in the West India market, that the Legislature of the island of Jamaica passed last year an act offering a free passage, under the most favorable circumstances, to all persons willing to emigrate to that colony. J. W. Dunscomb has been appointed agent for Canada, with authority to assist such as are willing to emigrate.

For the Journal of Commerce.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

I have before called public attention, through the columns of the Journal, to this wonder of nature, believing that there is no other place on this Continent to which invalids can resort for restoration of health with equal advantage. I speak from my own personal knowledge and observation, having spent much time at the cave during the late war, when it was extensively worked for saltpetre. The cave at that period was worked four or five years, and at one time about fifty or sixty hands were employed inside, about one mile from its mouth; oxen also were used in the cave to draw the earth to the hoppers. During all the time the cave was worked, I did not know a case of sickness among the hands.

I have within a few days past received a letter from a highly respectable and intelligent gentleman residing in the State of Kentucky, who has very accurate knowledge of those portions of the cave which have been discovered since I traversed it, and from him have obtained several interesting particulars which I have no doubt will gratify the curious. He also states some particulars which will greatly interest those who are in quest of health. I give extracts in his own words.

"The improvements within the cave commence about half a mile from the mouth, in that branch formerly known as the Great Bat Room, but now as Audubon's Avenue, named by the proprietor after his old friend, the celebrated Ornithologist. They consist of chambers 14 feet square and 10 feet high. The chambers are placed aside of the wall of the cave, and 10 feet apart. A handsome pannel door opens upon the avenue, and to the side of those to be occupied by families are sliding doors. A curtain of 10 feet in width extends from one chamber to the other, and when let down and the sliding doors open, a communication from one chamber to another can be had without being seen by those promenading the Avenue. The reasons which influenced the proprietor in selecting this situation were, its isolated position, its vast size, 60 feet wide by as many high, its contiguity to good water, its affording a pleasant promenade to those wishing to visit the hotel above, its greater convenience and cheapness than if it had been at a more remote distance, and moreover, it is at the *nearest point* where the atmosphere is uniform during winter and summer. Owing to the extensive hotel which the proprietor is erecting above ground, there have been only four or five chambers erected in the cave; they exhibit a most picturesque appearance. I have no doubt but the hotel above will be measurably deserted so soon as the necessary number of chambers below are completed. A restoreaut will be established at a convenient distance from the chambers. The cave possesses peculiar fitness for such an establishment; because meats, butter, &c. will keep any length of time. Cooking will be performed with alcohol. Such an establishment as this is imperiously called for by the community. Last winter a number of persons laboring under chronic diseases intended taking up their abode within the cave, but were disappointed, owing to the accommodations within not being completed. The peculiarity of the air of the cave, its extraordinary influence on the healthy as well as diseased, would constitute a perfect study for the medical philosopher. Its temperature is 60 degrees Fahrenheit, summer and winter. It is never a degree above or below 60. Nothing putrifies in the cave. The water pipes, which conducted the water to the saltpetre vats in 1810, are now in perfect preservation; and the corn cobs, left where the oxen were fed, 30 years ago, are as sound as at that day. Lamps burn with more brilliancy within than without the cave. This occurs in every part of it. The cave is abundant in minerals, such as the sulphate of lime or gypsum; epsom and glauber salts; nitrous earth, chalk, sand, flint, pebbles, red and grey ochre, calcareous spar, chalcedony, chrystalized carbonate of lime, polite, chrystals of quartz, &c. &c. The discoveries recently made in the cave greatly exceed in extent all that was known at the period of your stay there. A gentleman of unquestionable veracity, and who has ample opportunities for acquiring correct information, having resided there and in its vicinity 30 years, gives it as his opinion, that there are not less than 200 square miles of cave. No wild beast, reptile, or vermin, have ever been seen in the cave. No dog has ever been prevailed upon to enter the Mammoth Cave; often has this been tried. What this peculiarity results from, I know not. Nothing inhabits the Mammoth Cave but the bat during the winter, and they are confined to a particular spot; I am told there are rats, but I have never seen them. The country south of the cave, which in 1813 was barren, is now grown over with timber. The cave is eight miles from the dripping Springs, and eight and a half miles from Pruits Knob. The Turnpike from Louisville to Nashville runs within six miles of it. No man can form the most remote idea of this the most wonderful of all Nature's wonders, except by a visit to it, and to describe it, with all its recent discoveries, would require a volume. The discoveries made in the cave the last two years, are, in the estimation of many, better worth seeing than all the cave as previously known. They consist of numerous branches or avenues, domes of great size and beauty, and a river terminated by a lake. Until recently no person had explored that branch of the cave in which the bottomless pit is situated beyond the pit; now the most interesting and extensive part of the cave is beyond the pit. For this discovery we are indebted to a gentleman of Georgetown, Ky. named Stevenson. He ascertained that the pit was nothing but a chasm of great depth, extending across the cave, and therefore got a ladder of sufficient length to reach over. On this ladder this daring man, the guide, and some two or three others, crossed this deep and frightful chasm, and on reaching the opposite part, found themselves in a cave of considerable size, which, after exploring to the distance of two miles, brought them, to their utter astonishment and delight, to the celebrated river of the cave. It is in this region of the cave, unknown until the last two years, where you meet with the great Domes, the Cataract, the river, the lake, and the gigantic stalagmite columns. In order to gratify the numerous visitors with a view of this deeply interesting section of the cave, the proprietor has had a large and strong bridge, with suitable railways, erected over the bottomless pit; rocks have been removed, so as to render walking pleasant in the different avenues; stair steps have been placed where required; boats are in readiness for those who feel inclined to take aquatic excursions on the river, and Bengal lights can be had by such as wish to witness the sublime spectacle which is exhibited by an illumination of the various domes. The river is three miles from the mouth of the cave. Where you first strike, it is not very wide, but of great depth; as you descend, it becomes wider—it has a gentle current. I have never descended the river more than half a mile, but it is to the point where you first see it to the lake five miles; and Mr. Govin, a highly respectable lawyer, and a former representative of Warren county, informs me that there is a sufficiency of water in this river to float the largest class of steamboats. It is in this river where those fish without eyes have been found. It was the opinion of Professor Davidson, of Transylvania University, (who wrote a pamphlet respecting the cave) that those fish had eyes, and were blinded by light; in other words, that the apparent want of eyes, arose from the sudden contraction of that organ, occasioned by the stimulus of light. This is not the case; a Professor of the Louisville Institute anatomatized the head of this fish, and says there is no indication of there being such an organ. The lake of the cave has never been explored—some few have attempted it, but they have become alarmed and abandoned the enterprize. Stevenson, of Georgetown, has ventured farther on it than any other person. He passed, while on it, I am told, the mouths of four rivers or caves filled with water. It is of great depth, and is supposed of great width. This, however, I conceive doubtful, as I cannot conceive of the existence of an arch of sufficient expansion to admit of a lake of great dimensions. In descending the river to the lake, the mouths of a great many caves were seen, all of which are to be explored.

"There are two guides at the cave, but in case of a great press of company two or three more officiate. The best guide is Stephen. He has made many discoveries; and although he has acted as a guide for a number of years, takes great pleasure in accompanying visitors, and penetrates its most remote ramifications. Upon interrogating him in regard to the cave, he remarked that it would take any one two weeks to walk over as much of it as he knew, and that as much more remained to be explored. Stephen, in appearance, resembles an Indian, having long black hair and a copper-colored skin. No later than November last, he, when acting as cicerone for a German gentleman, made one of the most interesting discoveries of the cave. This visitor was quite as enthusiastic in respect to the cave, and as anxious to make discoveries as Stephen was to gratify him. They penetrated the cave within half a mile of the river, when Stephen pointed out to him an opening not exceeding four feet square; they entered this, and after going a short distance, found themselves in a cave of considerable size, which seemed to take a direction in the course of the cavern's mouth. After walking about a mile in this branch, their progress was suddenly arrested by an abrupt, indeed a perpendicular descent or termination of the rock on which they stood. All beyond and below was perfect darkness. At a distance they heard the fall of water; but no idea had they of the space before—of the depth below, or the height above them. They returned and reported the character of their discovery. No attempt was made to descend this precipice for a month, when some gentlemen from the adjoining county determined on making the effort. A strong rope was obtained, and upon reaching the spot the guide consented to be tied around the body, and let down into this dark and unexplored region. This was done, and he did not descend more than 30 feet before he exclaimed, "I am on the side of a hill." Untying the rope, he descended the hill 90 or 100 feet, enraptured by the appearance of a magnificent dome of great width and heighth, and a cataract tumbling from its top. Having gratified himself in beholding this splendid spectacle, he ascended the hill to the point from whence he embarked, and the other guide manifesting a desire to join him, was let down by the visitors. They continued ascending the hill (and not without difficulty) to its summit, and there beheld the most awfully grand and sublime sight of this famous cavern. The top of the hill is quite level, embracing an area of an acre in extent. The bottom is of rock, having innumerable indentations, about the size of a large tea-cup, and lined with crystals of the carbonate of lime. A few feet from the wall of this spacious hall are stalagmite columns (the number I have forgotten) of the most gigantic size and altitude. The distance to the ceiling above is 230 feet, as measured by Mr. Lee, civil engineer. This fact, in regard to the elevation of the ceiling and the locality of the great hall, was subsequently ascertained by finding in this spot, never before trodden by man, *an iron lamp*. The astonishment of the guides, as well as that of all the party, in beholding this *lamp*, can easily be imagined, and to this day they would have been ignorant of its history, but for the accidental circumstance of an old man being at the cave, who thirty years ago, was engaged as a miner in the manufacture of saltpetre for Wilkins & Gratz. Upon seeing the *lamp*, he said the place where it was found, was directly under the little Bat room pit, (a fact which surprised all;) that during the years 1810 to 1814, Charles Wilkins, of Lexington, and Hymen Gratz, of Philadelphia, were extensively engaged in the cave manufacturing saltpetre; and a Mr. Gatewood informed Mr. Wilkins that he thought the richest saltpetre earth was under the little Bat-room pit. The depth of this pit was then unknown: Mr. Wilkins therefore got a rope 45 feet long, to the end of which he tied, with a string, this identical *lamp*. In letting the rope down, the string caught on fire, and down fell the *lamp*. Mr. Wilkins made an offer of $2 to any one of the workmen (slaves) who would descend the pit, and bring the lamp up. His offer was accepted by a man called, in consequence of his diminutive size, "Little Dave." Little Dave had the rope tied securely round his waist, and was let down, holding a torch in his hand its entire length; he was then pulled back by the workmen, and so alarmed was the poor fellow, that it was with difficulty he could articulate. Dave remarked, that no sum would tempt him to try again for the *lamp*, and related the most marvellous accounts of what he saw. He was suspended at a height above the level below of 240 feet. Such is the history of the *lamp*, as related by the old man, Holton. To ascertain if his views in respect to the place where the *lamp* was found were correct, the guides went to the spot where they found it, and persons at the pit above could be heard by those below, and sticks thrown down were brought out. From the mouth of the cave to this pit does not exceed a mile; yet to reach the grand apartment immediately under it, you have to perform a circuit of at least three miles. Foreigners who have visited this section of the cave, have declared that a view of it alone would compensate them for a trip across the Atlantic.

"An English divine, who was at the cave, has selected a site for a church in that branch of it denominated the Gothic avenue. It is called (owing to the Stalagmite columns in it,) the "Stalagmite Chapel." Lamps are hung on the incrustations of the massive columns, and the effect produced is indescribably impressive. If ever there was a spot calculated to produce religious impressions, it is this.—The proprietor has had, from the mouth of the cave to the church, the rocks in the road removed, and now the walking is very pleasant the entire way, which is about one mile and a half. Divine worship has often been performed in the cave."

I have thus given the extracts from my correspondent's letter in his own words, and his statements may be relied upon with the most implicit confidence.

I have felt it a duty to give this information to the public, feeling confident that the lives of hundreds, yes thousands of my fellow-citizens may be prolonged for years by taking up their residence within the cave for a few months.

Medical men will have no difficulty in drawing their own conclusions from the facts stated. I have been much in the cave, many years ago, and have traversed it far and wide, both night and day, and on one occasion I was in it during a most violent thunder storm—and without being the least conscious at the time of what was doing in the clouds above the surface. The sound of thunder I did not hear, nor did I see the flashes of lightning. The cave is not gloomy; far from it, although the light of the sun never enters it but a short distance near its mouth.

The Mammoth Cave is situate within a quarter of a mile of Green river, and extends under a range of knobs which border what used to be called the Kentucky Barrens, highland prairies. These Barrens were in 1813 destitute of timber, but since the country has become thickly settled, and the fires prevented from running over the surface and burning up the grass every year, the hickory, oak, and chesnut have sprung up in great abundance, and it is now a thickly timbered country. The cave is in Edmonson county, and in north latitude 37 degrees. The country around is pleasant and healthy. T.

THE HORRORS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

The British brig of war Fawn recently arrived at Berbice, having in charge a Portuguese built brig, which had been captured as a slaver, after a chase of eight hours. The log-book of the Fawn furnishes the following details:

On the 19th of February, 1841, lat. 22 30, long. 40 West Cacupos, on the Coast of Brazil, about 18 miles, observed a large brig standing in for the land, altered our course so as to cut her off if possible. On approaching she appeared not to have the least idea of our being a man of war—allowed her to close within range of our 32 pounder; fired a gun over her, and another as quick as possible ahead—she then up with her helm, attempted to run, but appeared in great confusion.

We continued to throw the shot over, ahead, and astern of her, without intention of striking, as we were positive of her distance; Lieut. Foote then determined to put a shot into her hull, but with great regret, on account of the unfortuate beings on board. Shots were then thrown close under her stern twice—a third was about to be fired, when we observed her round to. In about twenty minutes we came up and boarded her. The slaves were all below with the hatches on; on turning them up, a scene presented itself, enough to sicken the heart even of a Portuguese.

The living, the dying and the dead, huddled together in one mass. Some unfortunates in the most disgusting state of small pox, in the confluent state, covered from head to foot, distressingly ill with opthalmia, a few perfectly blind; others living skeletons, with difficulty crawled from below, unable to bear the weight of their miserable bodies. Mothers with young infants hanging at their breasts, unable to give them a drop of nourishment. How they had brought them thus far appeared astonishing. All were perfectly naked. Their limbs were excoriated, from lying on the hard plank for so long a period. On going below, the stench was insupportable.—How beings could breathe such an atmosphere and live, appeared incredible. Several were under the plank, which was called the deck, dying—one dead.

We proceeded to Rio Janeiro with the prize. On the passage we lost thirteen, in the harbor twelve—from small pox and debility; a number also died on board the recovery ship Crescent. After clearing the hold, and fumigating the brig, it was determined by Mr. Ousley, the British Minister, to send the brig—with a part of her cargo—for adjudication, to the nearest colony, under the command of Mr. G. Johnstone, mate of the Fawn. We sailed on the 16th of May with 180, well provided with medicines and directions in what manner to use them. Tapioca and lime juice were also provided. Notwithstanding all the care that a small crew could bestow on them, we unfortunately lost twenty, chiefly from scurvy and general debility. This unfortunate brig left Bahia fort, on the coast of Benguela, with 510 negroes, and, thirteen days after, on her capture, she had but 375!

NEGROES AND INDIANS.

The following strange story is from the St. Louis Argus. If it be true, it is singular that it creates no more sensation.

GREAT BATTLE IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY.—Large numbers of Indians, negroes, and mongrels, from Florida, have been placed upon the borders of Arkansas and Missouri. By a gentleman direct from Fort Leavenworth, we learn that some six hundred negroes from Florida, and runaways from the Choctaws and Cherokees, and from the whites, united with a few white men, have been gradually associated in the fastnesses west of Arkansas. Not long since, they marched high up Red river, and encamped, for the purpose of hunting buffalo. They built a very tolerable fort with logs, surrounded with a ditch to protect themselves against all dangers. They caught few buffalo, and, therefore, to supply their wants, invaded the possessions of the Choctaws, and carried off cattle, poultry, grain, &c. The Choctaws followed them, but finding their numbers and fortifications an overmatch, they retired and sent to Fort Gibson for the United States' Dragoons. Capt. More, of Company D, was sent to capture them with three companies of Dragoons, but after arriving upon the Red river, he found their entrenchment too strong, and their numbers too great, to venture an attack. He accordingly sent to Fort Towson and was reinforced with a fine company of Infantry and a couple of pieces of cannon.

The cannon were shortly brought to bear upon the works, and soon made the splinters fly, and the logs move so queerly, that the refugees, at a signal, rushed outside of their fortifications, and began to form upon the prairie, in front of their works. Ere they fully succeeded in doing so, Capt. Moore and his gallant Dragoons charged upon them at full gallop. The carnage that ensued is represented as terrible—the Dragoons routed them in all directions; and, after putting large numbers to the sword, succeeded in capturing the *whole body!* The conduct of the Dragoons is represented as worthy of all commendation as regards both skill and bravery. The bravery and numbers of the refugees availed absolutely nothing against the irresistible charge of the mounted Dragoons.

This decisive blow will give security to that exposed portion of our frontier, and convince the refugee negroes and Indians, that our Dragoons may not be trifled with. The loss of the Dragoons was unknown to our informant—he said an Express brought the news to the Fort.

ANECDOTE OF A SLEEP WALKER.

During the revolutionary war, there was a gentleman of large property residing in Brooklyn, who was addicted to the habit of walking in his sleep; panic-struck at the invasion of the enemy, he daily expected that his dwelling would be ransacked and pilaged. Under the influence of those fears, he rose one night, and taking a strong box, which, awake, he never attempted to lift without assistance, he proceeded down stairs, furnished himself with a lantern and spade, and in a deep wooden glen about a quarter of a mile from his house he buried his treasure, carefully replacing the sod so as to create no suspicion of their having been removed. This done, he returned, undressed, and went to bed. Next morning he was the first to discover the absence of his "strong box," without having the slightest remembrance of what had passed. Enraged at its loss, he immediately accused his domestic of the robbery, as no traces of violence were perceptible either on the locks or doors of his house, that could induce him to suspect strangers. Month after month elapsed, and still the mystery was not solved, and his family began to want the necesaries of life without the means of procuring them. At that period of public calamity no money could be raised on real estate, and it was that season of the year when agricultual labors had ceased, which left him no means of earning a support for his family. To augment his misery, his only son lay confined by a violent fever, without any of those comforts which his situation demanded. The mind of the despairing father was strongly affected by this melancholy view of the future; his rest became more frequently broken, and he would often wander from room to room all night with hurried and unequal steps, as if pursued by an enemy. His wife, and daughter, who were accustomed to these nightly wanderings, never attempted to disturb him, unless they were fearful some accident might befall him. In this case it was necessary to employ the most violent means to awaken him; upon which he would exhibit so much fear and distress, that they usually suffered him to recover gradually from the trance which was succeeded by drowsiness, after which he would sink into light and natural sleep, which generally continued for several hours.

One night, as his daughter was watching at the couch of her sick brother, she heard her father descend the stairs with a quick step, and immediately followed him. She perceived he had dressed himself, and was lighting a lantern at the hearth, after which he unbolted the door and looked out; he then returned to the kitchen, and taking the lantern and spade he left the house. Alarmed at the circumstance, which was not usual,—though it sometimes occurred as above related without the knowledge of his family—she hastily threw on a cloak, and followed him to the wood, trembling with apprehensions of—she knew not what, both for herself and for her father.

Having gained the place where he had three months since buried the box, he set down the lantern, so as to reflect strongly upon the spot; he then removed the sods, and striking the spade against its iron cover, he laughed wildly, and exclaimed—"My treasure is safe, and we shall be happy." And shouldering his heavy burden with the strength of a Hercules, he stopped not as before to replace the sods of the earth, but snatching up his lantern, pursued his way directly home, to the joy of his daughter, who could scarcely support herself from the fears she had experienced, which were that he was about to dig his grave, and either commit suicide, or murder some one of his delenceless family. Inexpressible, therefore, was her joy, on seeing him ascend the stairs and place the box in its former recess; after which, as usual, he retired to rest. His wife and daughter, however, were too anxious to sleep themselves; the one sat impatiently watching the dawn of day, and the other retired to the apartment of her suffering brother, to relieve his mind by the joyful event, and her consequent hope of his immediate recovery.

When the gentleman arose in the morning, his wife observed the same gloom upon his counten-

ance as he anxiously inquired about the health of his son, and expressed his sorrow at not being able to procure those comforts for his family which were so much needed. Finding him perfectly unconscious of all that had passed the preceding night, she watched the effect which the restoration of the box would have upon his mind: and, as she expected, with an astonishment almost amounting to phrenzy, he exclaimed—"Who has done this? from whence came the box?" Not until he had listened to the evidence of his daughter, could he be convinced of the possibility of his performing such an act while asleep. Suffice it to say, that now health, peace, and competence, were once more restored to his dwelling, and the result of this blessing had a salutary effect upon his mind; and although he still continued his midnight excursions, yet his friends were gratified to find them less frequent than formerly, and his future dreams also, to judge by appearance, seemed to partake of the mild, serene character of his waking thoughts.

THE VOICE OF THE PRESS.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

Isaac T. Hopper, James S. Gibbons, and Charles Marriott, as the readers of the Freeman are all aware, have for some time been under dealings by the Monthly Meeting of the Society of Friends in New-York. The charge against them has been that they were "engaged in the publication of a paper calculated to promote disunity among Friends."—That is—as we understand it—they were officially connected with a society which publishes a weekly newspaper, the object of which is to advocate the emancipation of the slave, and rebuke the spirit of oppression wherever it may show itself, without respect to sect or party. It was in the exercise of this latter function that this paper, and these friends indirectly connected with it, have come under the ban of the New-York Monthly Meeting's displeasure.

From the flimsy ground of this prosecution, and the manner in which it has been conducted, much has not been expected, either from the clemency or justice of the prosecutors; but we imagine that few have anticipated the issue to which it has been finally conducted, and which, as faithful chroniclers of whatever interests our cause, it is our duty now to record. *Isaac T. Hopper and James S. Gibbons have been disowned.* The case of Charles Marriott, owing to the absence from the city of one of the members of the committee, was deferred; it is expected, however, that he will share the same fate.

We know not how this transaction may appear to others, but to us, the excommunication of such men as Isaac T. Hopper, James S. Gibbons, and Charles Marriott, seems like removing so many of the principal pillars from the support of an edifice. Such a procedure can only promote the cause it was designed to injure, and rebound upon the heads of those who perpetrated or sanctioned it.

Perhaps the best comment we can give on this deed, will be found in the following passage, taken by permission from a private letter, written by I. T. Hopper to one of his family in this city:

"I did not hear of the conclusion of the meeting in our cases yesterday, until it was too late to send this by mail. The decision of the meeting is what I expected it would be, and furnishes another occasion for the exercise of Christian patience. Truly, they have meted out to me 'false burdens and causes of banishment'—I accept it as a dispensation permitted by an all-wise Providence for the trial of my faith, and I greatly desire that I may improve it. 'Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.' I have faith in this promise; for I can truly say—it is for conscience sake that I am thus persecuted.—But that which gives me the greatest concern, is a fear that sometimes suggests itself to my mind, that my dear children may suffer their minds to be unsettled by the unchristian conduct exercised towards their father; but fear not; I trust my patience is equal to the malice of my enemies; and if we keep in the path of duty, we are safe; and we need not 'fret because of evil-doers;' verily they have their reward. One may turn to the right hand and another to the left, but there is a principle that can preserve all those who love and obey it. 'Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift.'"

QUAKERS VS. ABOLITION.—We learn that the Society of Friends in New York have expelled some of their prominent members, in consequence of their being, either directly or indirectly, connected with an Abolition journal. This seems rather singular, as we had supposed that the Friends were favorably inclined to the Abolition of Slavery; and we know that some of their distinguished preachers are leading Abolitionists. But many of their members are highly respectable merchants extensively engaged in Southern trade, and we are informed that they are determined to discountenance all pragmatic interference with the legal and constitutional rights of their brethren at the South. The Quakers have a great liking for peace and quiet, and have always been distinguished for minding their business, and permitting others to attend to theirs, and would be the last people to meddle with the rights of property. We understand that some more of their members have been arraigned before their judicature, but whose trial is not yet finished. It is the *Hicksite* portion of the Society that we now speak of. We believe that their spiritual courts are held in private—of course the debates are not made public. Their manner of conducting such trials is peculiar. The accused is not allowed to be present, but all communication between himself and his judges is through a committee, and he is not permitted to have counsel to address them. From all accounts, the Unitarians of Boston, where Mr. Pierpont, the temperance advocate, is on trial, and the Friends in New-York, where Abolitionists are arraigned, have their hands full. So goes the religious world.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

CURIOUS MOVEMENT.—The Society of Friends in New-York have expelled some of their prominent members, in consequence of their being, either directly or indirectly, connected with an Abolition journal. This is explained in the Philadelphia Ledger, by the remark that many of the members are highly respectable merchants extensively engaged in Southern trade, who are determined to discountenance all 'pragmatic interference' with the legal and constitutional rights of the South! No logician like money.—*Boston Daily Times.*

NATIONAL REFORM CONVENTION.

——'Know ye not who would be free,
Themselves must strike the blow"

COLORED AMERICANS:

The time is fast approaching, it will soon be at hand, when the friends of reform, of outraged human nature, should convene at the important Convention of the American Reform Board of disfranchised commissioners, which is to be held in the city of New-York on the 5th of September next, where you are expected to 'unite and energize in securing our immediate relief and enfranchisement'—a measure which can never be effected until we adopt principles and measures conducive to that end. Know we must our true condition, our relative position, to the policy or blighting machinations formed against us.

You will permit me to inform you of the request of the executive committee of the A. R. B. of disfranchised commissioners, who expect you to meet them as members or honorary members of the Board which has been established to promote a bond of union and action which is essential to the safety and prosperity of our cause.

Fail not to collect and report to the convention—

First. The statistics of our people in the place in which you reside.

Secondly. The number of children in schools, and the state of education.

Thirdly. The number of mechanics, their different trades, and how employed.

Fourthly. The number of persons known to be in chain gangs at the south.

Fifthly. The number of churches, church members, and clergymen, designating their denomination.

Sixthly. The condition of our people generally, in relation to the 'pursuit of happiness.'

Notwithstanding the unpardonable state of supineness, which every where exists among us, the age in which we live is pregnant with events which claim our every attention. Our condition is every where identical. Rise, brethren, rise! Strike for freedom, or die slaves! The storm of colonization has come upon our brethren in Maryland, and threatens to visit us throughout this land. Come up, and help us! In our cause, mere words are nothing—action is every thing. Buckle on your armor, and appear at the Convention, remembering that our cause demands of us union and agitation—agitation and action, from the east to the west, from north to the south.

Yours for reform,
DAVID RUGGLES.
Corresponding Secretary of American Reform Board of Disfranchised Commissioners.

P. S. The statistics can be obtained by application to the Town Clerk.

The constitution of the A. R. B. appears in the May number of the Mirror.

All communication must be post paid, and directed to David Ruggles, Corresponding Secretary, No. 62, Leonard-street New-York.

☞ Editors of newspapers friendly to reform amongst the down-trodden and oppressed, are requested to copy this circular.

EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

Mr. Combe says: "When I visited Berlin in 1837, I was informed by a gentleman who took a deep interest in public instuction, that an error in the Prussian system had then begun to develop itself, viz; that the education provided for the males, throughout the country, was so superior to that given to the females, that a disparity in point of knowledge and mental attainments had been created between the sexes, in the same rank of life, which was operating injuriously on the domestic happiness of the people; and he was a strenuous advocate for an improvement in the education of the Prussian women. If neglect of the female mind be injurious to society in Prussia, it will prove ten times more so in the United States."

A. B. C. of ABOLITION:

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET EXAMINED THE SUBJECT.

ANTI-SLAVERY CATECHISM.

BY MRS. CHILD.

Question. I have been told that they sometimes kidnapped free colored persons, to sell them as slaves. Is it so?

Answer. It is unquestionably true that this is carried on to a considerable extent. More than twenty free colored children were kidnapped in the single city of Philadelphia, in 1825; and in 1827 two were stolen in open day. It is a common thing to decoy the unsuspecting victims on board a vessel, or to some retired spot, and then seize and bind them. A New York paper of 1829, says: "Beware of kidnappers! It is well understood that there is at present in this city, a gang of kidnappers, busily engaged in their vocation of stealing colored children for the Southern market." As the law supposes every colored person to be a slave unless he can *prove* himself free, and as no person of his own complexion is allowed to be evidence for him, the kidnappers have an easy time of it.

Q. Some people say we ought to pity the masters as well as the slaves.

A. I agree with them entirely. The masters are to be deeply pitied; because the long continuance of a wicked system has involved them in difficulties, and at the same time rendered them generally blind to the best means of getting rid of those difficulties. They are likewise to be compassionated for the effects which early habits of power produce on their own characters. Mr. Jefferson, who lived in the midst of slavery, says: "The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions; the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it. The parent storms; the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in a circle of smaller slaves, gives loose to the worst of passions; and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy, who can retain his morals and manners undepraved in such circumstances." The general licentiousness produced by this system can never be described without using language too gross to be addressed to a civilized community. Some idea of it may be derived from the fact, that every female slave is completely in the power of her master, of his sons, of his overseers, and his drivers. The law does not allow her to offer resistance to a white man, under any circumstances; and the state of public opinion is such that any pretensions to virtue on her part would be treated with brutal ridicule. The slave is not allowed to have any right in his wife and children. If his master's interest can be served by his keeping three or four wives, or by his wife's having a succession of husbands, he cannot dispute the commands of his owner. The wife, or the husband, is sometimes sold, and sent thousands of miles from each other, and from their little ones, without the slightest hope of ever meeting again. Under these circumstances, the man, or the woman, is soon ordered to take another partner; because it is for the interest of the master that they should do so. It is a shameful fact, that the laws and customs of our country make it absolutely impossible for a large portion of our population to be virtuous, even if they wish to be so. The wealth of Virginia is principally made by the breeding of slaves and horses; and persons unaccustomed to the system, would be shocked by the detail of well authenticated facts, which prove that about as little regard is paid to decency in one case as the other. *Mulatto* slaves bring a higher price than *black* ones; hence licentiousness in slave States becomes a profitable vice, instead of being expensive, as it is under other forms of society.

Q. I have been told that a great many of the slaves have very light complexions. Is it so?

A. In the old slave States, where the process of amalgamation has been going on for a long time, this is remarkably the case. An old soldier, who lately visited the South, said he was not so much struck by any circumstance, as by the great change that had taken place in the complexion of the slaves since the Revolution. Now and then I have seen in the southern papers advertisements for a runaway slave, "who passes himself for a white man." A Boston gentleman, who dislikes the abolitionists very much, visited Georgia a few years ago. He told me that when he was walking with a planter one day, they met a man driving a team, who had a perfectly fair complexion, with blue eyes and brown hair. The Bostonian remarked, "That must be an independent fellow, to be driving a team in this part of the country, where it is considered so disgraceful for a white man to work." "O, that fellow is a slave," replied the Georgian. Almost every body has heard of the case of Mary Gilmore, of Philadelphia, a perfectly white girl, of Irish parentage, who was taken up and tried as a runaway slave. A Missouri newspaper proves, that a white man may, without a *mistake*, be adjudged a slave. "A case of a slave sueing for his freedom, was tried a few days since in Lincoln county, of which the following is a brief statement of particulars: A youth of about ten years of age sued for his freedom on the ground that he was a free white person. The court granted his petition to sue as a pauper upon inspection of his person. Upon his trial before the jury, he was examined by the jury and two learned physicians, all of whom concurred in the opinion that very little, if any, trace of negro blood could be discovered by any of the external appearances. All the physiological marks of distinction, which characterize the African descent, had disappeared. His skin was fair, his hair soft, straight, fine and white, his eyes blue, but rather disposed to the hazel-nut-color; nose prominent, the lips small, his head round and well formed, forehead high and prominent, ears large, the tibia of the leg straight, and feet hollow. Notwithstanding these evidences of his claims, he was proved to be the descendant of a mulatto woman, and that his progenitors on the mother's side had been and still were slaves: *consequently he was found to be a slave.*"

I have been told of a young physician, who went into the far Southern States to settle, and there became in love with a very handsome and modest girl, who lived at service. He married her; and about a year after that event, a gentleman called at the house, and announced himself as Mr. I——y, of Mobile. He said to Dr. W——, "Sir, I have a trifling affair of business to settle with you. You have married a slave of mine." The young physician resented this language; for he had not entertained the slightest suspicion that the girl had any other than white ancestors since the flood. But Mr. I. furnished proofs of his claim, and Dr. W. knew very well that the laws of the country would uphold him in it. After considerable discussion, the best bargain he could make was either to pay eight hundred dollars, or have his wife put up at auction. He consented to the first alternative, and his unwelcome visiter departed. When he had gone, Dr. W. told his wife what had happened. The poor woman burst into tears, and said, "That as Mr. I. *was her own father*, she had hoped that when he heard she had found an honorable protector, he would have left her in peace."

Communications.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XXXII.

Ben was born a slave in the family of Frisby Lloyd, of Hartford county, Maryland. When he was about twenty-five years old, he made application to his master, to put a moderate price upon him, and permit him to go to Philadelphia and try to find some person who would pay the amount. This proposition greatly offended Lloyd, who told him that, if he ever said another word about his freedom, he would sell him to Georgia. Ben appeared freely to acquiesce with his master's determination, and quietly resumed his labor in the field. But from that time, he was constantly looking out for an opportunity to make his escape. After a few weeks, Ben noticed a man who lived in the neighborhood, and who was known to be a speculator in slaves, having frequent interviews with his master. He became satisfied that he was endeavoring to bargain for *him;* and he concluded that then was the time for him to make his escape, if he ever expected to be free.

One evening, in the third month, 1805, Ben started for the North. It was a pleasant, moonlight night, and he walked as fast as he could, until daylight the next morning; when he concealed himself in a thicket, where he remained till the next night. He had provided himself with a pretty good stock of provisions previous to leaving home, so that he did not suffer for the want of food. In the course of a few days, he met a Friend early in the morning, as he was on his journey, and inquired of him the way to Philadelphia. The Friend soon discovered that he was "a fugitive from labor." He directed him to go to his house and get some refreshment; and told him that he would then advise him as to his future movements.—Ben complied, and soon found that he had fallen into good hands. This Friend's name was Bellerby, who, with his family, had recently come from England, and settled on a farm in the State of Delaware. Here Ben remained some time, when Peter Barker, of Philadelphia, went to visit the family. Ben, as he afterwards expressed himself, took a great fancy to him; and when he was about to return home, he ran and opened the gate for him.—Having now an opportunity of private conversation, he informed Peter how he was circumstanced, and asked his advice as to what was best for him to do to secure his liberty. Peter took a piece of paper out of his pocket, wrote his name, the number of his house, and the street in which he lived, and gave it to Ben. In a few days, Ben made his appearance in Philadelphia, and Peter hired him as a servant in his family. He remained in this situation a year or two, when he left his place, and hired with Jacob Downing. In Philadelphia, he called himself Jeremiah Waters.

After he had lived some years in that city, he made application to me to write to his master, and endeavor to secure his freedom; for he was in constant fear of being discovered, and taken away. He had not the knack of saving money, and had nothing to pay for his liberty; but he made a contract with John Reed, who agreed to advance a sum of money for him, and Jerry, as he was called, agreed to serve him until the amount should be paid. I opened a correspondence with F. Lloyd, and he finally agreed to manumit his slave for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, which I agreed to pay; and a time was fixed when he should come to the city and conclude the business.

Frisby Lloyd came at the time appointed; and as he was going down Market street, near Sixth, he met his man, and immediately arrested him. Ben's appearance was very much changed since leaving Maryland. He was well dressed, and was much more fleshy. He did not appear at all alarmed, and boldly accosted his master thus:

"What do you mean, good man, by seizing me by the collar, like a thief?"

Lloyd replied, "You are my slave; your name is Ben."

"My name is not Ben, sir; it is Jerry Waters. I can soon satisfy you that you are mistaken, if you will go with me to Mr. Downing's. He lives in Fourth street, a few doors above Market."

Lloyd began to think that, possibly, he might be mistaken; and fearing he might get into difficulty, he released his hold of Ben, and they set off for Jacob Downing's. As they were going along the street, Ben appeared perfectly at ease, and manifested the most entire willingness to have the matter investigated. But when they came opposite to a Court, that run out of Market street, by the side of an Inn, known as the Black Bear, he suddenly ran up it, sprung over a brick wall, and being well acquainted with the neighborhood, made his escape. He came immediately to me, and informed me what had occurred. I told him he must not remain under my roof, and directed him to a place of safety.

In the course of about a quarter of an hour, Frisby Lloyd called upon me. After asking me if my name was Hopper, he took a letter out of his pocket, and asked me if I wrote it. Being answered in the affirmative, he said that, since he had come to the city, he had apprehended his slave. I informed him that I thought he had acted very improperly; for that the two hundred and fifty dollars, the sum he had agreed to take, was ready for him. He said, to use his own language, "that was a force put;" that he did not consider himself bound by it, and would not take one cent less than five hundred dollars. I remonstrated with him, and endeavored to convince him of the injustice of his conduct; but the more earnest I was in pleading with him to comply with his promise, the more determined he appeared to have five hundred dollars. I then asked him,

"Dost thou consider the bargain at an end?"

He replied, "I do."

I answered, "And so do I. Take thy man home with thee, and do the best thou canst with him."

"Is that your conclusion?" said he. "I thought you were a humane man, and would rather pay a little money than suffer a fellow creature to go into slavery. You can soon make up the amount among your friends."

I told him, his opinion of me was very different from my opinion of him; for I did not consider that he was either humane, or just.

After endeavoring to work upon my feelings, by telling me that he understood the man had a wife and several children, and how much it would grieve him to separate them, he said he would be willing to make some considerable sacrifice rather than do so. He would, therefore, consent to take three hundred and fifty dollars. I informed him that it was perfectly useless to multiply words on the occasion; I would give him one hundred and fifty dollars, and not one cent more.

After a pause, of perhaps a minute, he said, "I did arrest the fellow in the street, but he was so altered in his appearance, and denied so confidently that he knew me, that I concluded I might be mistaken, and get myself into difficulty. I therefore let go my hold of him, and he escaped."

I replied, "Yes, I understood so; he has been here, and told me all about it."

This astonished him; and he observed, "Well, I suppose you will comply with your contract?"

I replied, "There is no contract existing between us; it has been annulled by mutual consent. Thou hast acted very treacherously."

Finding that he was caught in his own trap, he finally concluded to accede to my proposition, and executed a manumission, upon John Reed's paying one hundred and fifty dollars. Jerry indented himself for a term of years to J. R. as a compensation for the amount advanced.

But he was still dissatisfied; and after remaining some months in the service of his new master, he proposed to him to allow him to go to sea, to which he assented. Jerry, accordingly, set out to look for a birth as a steward. His master gave him a recommendation as an active, honest man, and he soon procured a situation on board of a vessel bound for Canton. Seamen's wages were then high; and upon his return home, he had an amount sufficient to pay John Reed the balance due him. For many years afterwards, he supported his family by sawing wood.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1841.

LAW AND LYNCHING.

Leontius. That power which kindly spreads
The clouds, a signal of impending showers,
To warn the wandering linnet to the shade,
Beheld, without concern, expiring Greece;
And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

Demetrius. A *thousand* horrid prodigies foretold it;
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of sinking states;
When public villany, too strong for justice,
Shows his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,
Can brave Leontius call for airy wonders,
Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard.

JOHNSON'S IRENE.

Mobs and lynchings have become too frequent of late years to pass unnoticed, even by the most unobserving. Every reflecting mind sees, at a glance, that they are an outward evidence of great inward disorder, and an indication of falling institutions. The causes which lead to them are variously interpreted; but the *true* secret, if perceived, is rarely mentioned.

For one species of mobs, "the indiscretion and blind zal of abolitionists" bore the blame; with about the same reason as Paul might be accused of stirring up the people, or Stephen of instigating the mob that stoned him. In both cases, the Jewish gentlemen were greatly enraged at the utterance of truths which made war on their "peculiar institutions" and favorite sins.

The editor of the New-York Tribune,—after making some very just and sensible remarks on the late shocking occurrence in Kentucky, where two men awaiting their trial in jail were murdered by the populace, who feared they would not be executed according to law.—asks, "What are the causes of the spirit which gives birth to these outrages upon social order?" And thus he answers his own question:

"There can be little doubt, that at the foundation of the causes which give rise to this spirit, is the relaxation which is becoming frequent in the applications of criminal law. It is very generally regarded as a hard misfortune that a hardened villain should pay the full penalty of his crimes; and the ingenuity of shrewd minds is taxed to devise excuses for the enormities of guilty wretches; pleas of insanity are entertained on ground often culpably slight and insufficient; alleged conscientious scruples are allowed to destroy the binding force of oaths; and the sacred prerogative of extending mercy is too often prostituted to base and unhallowed purposes. All these influences combine to infuse into the public mind a feeling of unsatisfied justice; it may be innocent at first, in the breasts of those whose concern really arises from love of virtue and reverence for strict integrity, but it soon engenders a sentiment of contempt for inadequate laws, and of superiority to all legal provisions, with the boldest and most reckless members of society. They have no respect for law as such, but only as it accords with their own views of justice and propriety. Whenever its provisions are at variance with these, they are ready to trample upon it authority, and, with unsanctified hands, seize upon the work which it is its prerogative to perform.

"It is impossible to indicate definitely the remedies which would be efficient to produce a better and less dangerous spirit. They are most certainly not to be found in standing armies, nor in any display of brutal force, however magnificent and imposing. This would but arouse into deeper and more fearful agitation the passions which threaten hurt to society; and although they might be overpowered and restrained for a space, they would not die, but in course of time burst forth with redoubled fury and a thousand-fold more fatal violence. A reformation in the criminal law, so that all crimes shall be adequately punished, is evidently the first requisite in any attempt to destroy the disposition for these disgraceful scenes. A determination in the public mind strictly to enforce all legal enactments, always to punish with due severity the criminal, whose guilt shall have been fully established, and to allow no false philanthropy to interfere with the requirements of justice, must also be cherished and rendered powerful. Let the sword of the law in the hands of its ministers fall upon the offender with just and relentless severity; but let no other power seek to wield it, for thus it becomes but an instrument of outrage and murder."

The fact that "ingenuity is taxed to devise excuses for guilt," and that "pleas of insanity are often entertained on ground slight and insufficient," presents to my mind quite a different conclusion to that drawn by the writer. That there is, all over the civilized world, an increasing reluctance to convict men of capital crimes, is, thank God, most emphatically true; and that this leads to subterfuges and evasions of the law, is equally true; and though not a cause for thankfulness, it is the unavoidable result of a transition state in public sentiment. Now, what does this indicate? It clearly shows that the *existing laws of nations are not in accordance with the growing moral sentiment of the age.* The discordance is deeply *felt*, though as yet imperfectly *understood*; and therefore it utters itself in the stammering language of evasion and apology, instead of the bold and distinct enunciation of clearly perceived truth. These subterfuges, and legal loop-holes of mercy, all prophesy the ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT! They express a want of the human soul, and will help to fulfil it.

What *are* laws? They are merely the manifested form of the moral sentiment of the age in which they originate. When the age outgrows them, the dead body is buried, and the living spirit takes to itself a more fitting form. It is a glorious exemplification of the doctrine of the resurrection.

When outward laws are no longer the true exponent of the inward spirit, what are they? Mere "bundles of paper tied with tape." As powerless as the exorcisms of a wizard in the 19th century—as harmless as the anathema of the Pope in England. Yet both these feeble instruments had frightful power, when they were the true representatives of man's inward belief.

Instead of the public array that used to attend upon executions, why is it that the hangman now performs his brutal work with all convenient secrecy—admitting no spectators, but relations and friends? There is significance in the fact, and it were well to heed it. Many honest and intelligent minds may regret these manifest indications of a revolution in public sentiment; for of such there are always a large class, who are fearful that any change will disturb the existing "order" of things. But worn-out institutions can be sustained by no outward props. When men universally crossed themselves reverently before Catholic images, at the corners of the street, the images were all-powerful, for good or evil, because they were the true type of a living idea; but it was all over with the saints, when bishops were obliged to make laws that they should be placed ten feet higher, to avoid the mud and stones thrown at them by the populace.

Abolish capital punishment! Thus, and not otherwise, will you cure "ingenious excuses for crime," and "pleas of insanity entertained on slight ground."

The writer sees another cause for violated laws in the fact that "alleged conscientious scruples are allowed to destroy the binding force of *oaths*." Is it then a fact, that men are covered with boiling tar, hunted by bloodhounds, shot at five minutes' warning, or slashed with bowie knives, in communities where Quakers, non-resistants, or Dunker Baptists predominate? Are such scenes likely to occur, where the sacredness of oaths is most seriously investigated? No! Those who question whether human laws are in accordance with the divine, are *never* those who speak contemptuously, or act violently, with regard to human laws. They may indeed feel it a duty to remonstrate with solemn earnestness, and to act with quiet, persevering non-conformity. Theirs may be the mission of angels, to sit on the sepulchre of buried institutions, proclaiming to those who seek the body, "The Lord is not here; he has risen;" but never is it theirs to crucify or mock.

Of none such come mobs or lynchings, either by direct co-operation, or spiritual influence. The two things are as opposite as heaven and hell; yet the writer seems to class them all together, when he speaks of those who "have no respect for law, as such, but only as it accords with their own views of justice and propriety."

The staunchest conservative will not venture to say that human laws are to be obeyed under all circumstances. Should Presbyterians, by the accident of conquest, come under a government which ordered work to be done on the Sabbath, it would plainly be their duty not to conform. Should Christian residents in Asia be commanded to destroy their female infants, it would be crime for them to obey. It might be the law of the land, but it would violate their own convictions, and be contrary to their religious faith.

Ought even wicked and oppressive laws to be resisted by mobs and lynchings? Assuredly not. For the conscientious, who suffer under them, there is a complete suit of armour in the brief, expressive sentence of William Penn: "Well, friend, thy strength shall never equal my patience." But we should praise God for the non-conformity, as well as the meekness, of these moral heroes and martyrs. Through such agencies only has the world made any progress; thus only can wiser and better laws be provided for coming generations. Such should never be confounded with the violent and the reckless, who trample upon law, for the gratification of their own passions. Those who *conscientiously* disapprove of existing institutions, do it in sorrow rather than in anger; and are willing to endure the penalty of unjust laws, until they can be changed by persuasive argument.

If you wish to find the violators of law, look for them among that class who have ever been most vociferous for sanguinary penalties; they who look upon enactments simply as a means to legalize revenge, and thereby render it safe. Such men are trained for mobs. Add to this the oft-repeated assertion that they are the sovereigns, who *make* and *unmake* laws, and the education of the lyncher is complete.

Of the causes which lead to frequent and violent infringements of law in this country, two appear to me to stand forth with very distinct prominence. The first is SLAVERY. To many, this assertion will seem like the inference of a mind diseased by long contemplation of "one idea;" but, nevertheless, it is true as historical fact, and evident as logical deduction. Every sound thinker will acknowledge that the most important and impressive part of education is that which we derive, as it were unconsciously, from the customs and usages of society around us. What, then, must be the effect of living in a community where bowie knives, rifles, whips, and bloodhounds, are in constant requisition to force men to work without wages? In a word, where robbery is sanctioned by custom, and sustained by brute force? What must be the effect of seeing colored porters, or errand boys, knocked down and kicked, because they dare to ask for the money, which they know their masters will flog them for not bringing home? Is the Southern patrol learning respect for the laws, when he can and does with impunity, at any hour of the night, enter any negro hut, rob it of any thing he finds worth taking, and drive the husband out of doors, if he chances to fancy the wife?

The editor of the Tribune says truly:

"The purpose of law is to protect *all* the members of society from violence and wrong. The basest and most despised, as well as the highest and most honored members of the community, may claim protection from its sanction. It regards the person of no man; its sole object is to realize and make practically efficient in society the principles of justice; to shield every human being who comes beneath its sway from any violation of his rights, whether by one or a thousand of those by whom he is surrounded. This immunity it guarantees to every one, and in return it exacts from him that obedience which, for his safety, it imposes upon others. Its claims are enforced by the whole power of society; all men are leagued together and pledged to each other, and to that God, in whose bosom all law dwells, to see that its sanctions are maintained inviolate, and to oppose their whole might to any who would invade its sanctuary, and despoil it of its divinity."

Alas, what "*sanctuary*" is there to invade, what "*divinity*" to despoil, in a slaveholding community? The accursed system violates all sanctuaries, and changes the divinity in man into a demon. Where all is founded on force, and sustained by force, the natural and universal product will be duels, mobs, lynching, and insurrections. The merest boy feels the bitter mockery of calling slave laws *sacred*. He knows they are made by right of the strongest; and why should he not suppose that the strongest may make laws *ex tempore*, for the occasion?

But the Free States have their mobs? Of course we have; for we are accomplices in robbery and violence. We give our moral influence to deprive the helpless of the shield of law; and in doing it, we perpetually stifle our clearest convictions. The "poisoned chalice" returns to our own lips. Selfishness, so ready to sell justice to mammon, is repaid by Southern bankruptcy. Patriotism, that would build its greatness on another's wrong, finds its own rights invaded, and its pretensions mocked. Ambition sees its own voluntary desecration of principle reappearing in its sons; and not always in convenient forms. Southern influence comes to us, as ripples extend in troubled water. Thence do our young men learn contempt for labor, the dignity of bravado, and the omnipotence of coercion.

A second prominent cause for the violation of the laws, may, I think, be found in the tenor of Fourth-of-July orations, and other popular addresses. A large portion of such declamation tends to give the idea that *nothing* is so sacred as to be above the will of the majority;—that the majority *make* the laws. The idea that there are such things as fixed eternal principles is lost sight of. We are like the French revolutionists, who put it to vote whether there was a God, or not; as if the question admitted of being decided by ballot. Our votes cannot affect the existence of God, neither can they change the nature of those principles which represent the deity.

He who frames human laws, if he does his work wisely and well, merely asserts the laws of God, in application to the wants of man. Because the Common Law *mainly* rests on this foundation, it has commanded such general reverence; and this should be the reason given for teaching our children to respect it. Virtue goes out of Law, as well as Religion, whenever it becomes the hand-maid of selfishness and tyranny. That which was once worshipped as a Saint has mud thrown upon it; and no enactments can restore its sanctity. How then can we expect law will be reverenced in Slave States?

In connection with the second cause of disorder, to which I have alluded, I cannot forbear quoting the following excellent extract from Gerrit Smith's speech at the New-York Anti-Slavery Convention. I have read few things which more distinctly bear the impress of high and holy truth:

"I love our free and happy government. But not because it *confers* any new rights upon us. Our rights spring from a nobler source than human constitutions and governments—from the favor of Almighty God.—Constitutions and laws are modes of human device for asserting and defining, and carrying out, the great natural and inherit rights of man, which belong to him as a rational creature of God. We do not learn our rights in the Book of Constitutions. We learn them from the Book of Books, which is the great charter of human rights. Rights belong to human nature. Constitutions, at the most, do but recognize and preserve what was never theirs to *give*. The reason why I love a republican form of government, is not that this form of government clothes us with rights withheld by other forms; but that it makes fewer *encroachments* on the rights which God gave us; fewer restrictions upon the divinely-appointed scope of man's agency."—L. M. C.

POLITICAL ACTION.

Voting at the polls is one of the chief practical modes in which abolitionists can manifest their principles.—Where principles have become deeply and irrevocably fixed in the convictions of the understanding, and the affections of the heart, a restlessness naturally ensues to apply them to action. This is illustrated in the eager, and, as we have been admonished, sometimes imprudent observance of an impartial and fraternal deportment towards our colored fellow-citizens; and in the great and most encouraging revolution which has been well nigh effected on this subject, in the midst of a prejudiced and pro-slavery community.

It is no wonder, then, that the exercise of the elective franchise, in which abolitionists act on this community, not by their example merely, but by their sanctions and commands, should be held dear by them. As an instrument, it is invaluable; but it is *only* an instrument, and should not be permitted to usurp in our esteem the place of the cause.

For abolitionists to vote for pro-slavery candidates seems to me as inconsistent, as it would have been for Paul to have sold the silver shrines of Diana. To refrain from sustaining slavery through the ballot-box is an incident of genuine abolition, and follows it as necessarily, as it follows that the worshippers of one, living God, cannot bow down to images of stone, or clay.

And this is my first ground of dissent from the scheme of a third political party. Where a moral conviction which can move and direct a world of matter, has been produced, such a party is superfluous; and where it has *not* been produced, such a party is unavailing; for the spurious and half-way abolitionist will not maintain allegiance to it though he swear it. Such a party will do badly that which would be well done without it. It would be as wise to detach a part of the team from the pole, and hitch it to the hind axle of a stage coach, upon the pretence that the hind wheels did not follow the forward ones fast enough. The only possible effect would be to pull them *out of the track*, and to stop or greatly retard their progress.

Politics in this country has for the most part degenerated into a contest for office. Offices do not now go after good men, but a host of bad ones go after offices. He who makes himself conspicuous in a political campaign, is generally supposed to expect an office; and in case of success, he obtains it as a matter of course.

Anti-slavery political partizans would be judged by the established rule. The public at large could not be persuaded that they were more pure or disinterested than other politicians; hence the anti-slavery truths they might utter, though with the utmost sincerity, would be taunted by the suspicion of sinister motives, and a selfish end. Do political abolitionists find no significance in the constant repudiation by the founder of Christianity, of all schemes of political power? Had he cherished these, he might have obtained popularity for the day, and acceptance with the Jews; but what would they have done for his mission, and for mankind?

Nor would the awakening of such suspicion in the public mind, be the worst of anti-slavery electioneering. It would really arouse a prurient and ill-proportioned ambition in abolitionists themselves. Already have we seen in a congressional district of Massachusetts one abolitionist in the field, and another desirous of taking it; the former a minister, and the latter a lecturer, and a non-resident until within six weeks of the election. The result was disastrous; a high exasperation was produced, without the accomplishment of any known or imaginble good. The anti-slavery cause was acknowledged to have lost ground in that district, which it has never since regained; once among the most fruitful of anti-slavery fields, it is now as if a fire had passed over it.

The public mind will not bear that an individual, distinguished merely as an abolitionist, and without known general qualifications, should come forward and claim at their hands an office of high trust and dignity, for which they are turning their eyes on a proper successor, for years before the contingency of an election occurs.

But the character of moral reformer is incompatible with political ambition. A moral reformer, in order to persuade, must be disinterested, to convince; he must be zealous; and to be zealous, he must be single-minded and devoted. All this comes from the heart, never from calculated schemes of interest and ambition, nor can it exist with them.

Besides the essential antagonism of these things, in the mind itself of him who aims at a moral regeneration of his countrymen and the age, there is an external barrier to a political career, which abolitionists would do well to consider at the outset. Political and military revolutionists attack only the tyranny and abuses of governments, only the *effects* of vices, not the vices themselves. Moral reformers attack directly personal and prevailing *vices*. The former can pursue their ends without wounding individual self-love, or provoking, to much extent, individual enmity. Far otherwise is it with the latter.—Every one conscious of vices, which are the object of a moral warfare, feels himself personally assailed; and if he does not become a convert, which at first is difficult and rare, becomes an open or secret enemy. Thus it is that the moral reformations, by the slow but sure progress of reason against mistaken interests and opposing passions, are always finally successful; the *workers* of them, in a worldly point of view, seldom are so. Their crown of victory is a crown of thorns; their cup of rejoicing the juice of the hemlock. If political and personal advantages are among the final results, they are reaped by those who come in, *after* the toil, odium, and persecution are spent. This has been, and probably will be, the history of every effectual and fundamental moral reformation. It is the flaming sword, keeping off, or quickly expelling, all who are not qualified by a spirit of meekness, self-sacrifice and unalloyed devotion to truth, to aid in the vast and angelic work of purifying a world of mind.

How futile and infatuated then, must be all hopes and purposes of political and personal advantages among the abolitionists of the United States. Their triumph (and it will be triumph enough, which if sincere they would not exchange for titles and batoons) will be to see their principles carried out, and the nation free—free from chains and free from guilt. A variety of motives, good, bad, and mixed, which *they* cannot entertain with safety, either to their own spirits or to their cause, will operate in *others* to complete their achievment; and these will grasp all the political and popular trophies of the victory.

Meantime, what are abolitionists to do with their right of suffrage, which has been admitted to be of great value to our cause; and which, it is further admitted, will in all probability be the means of overthrowing slavery in the country?

Do with it what we all agreed, up to 1838, ought to be done with it. Let the national parties propose their candidates, and if they are acceptable to us, give them votes; otherwise testify our adherence to anti-slavery principle, and enlightened patriotism, by bestowing our votes upon any person or persons, whom we deem in all respects suitable. It is merely a testimony and a warning; and these are alike effectual, whether we vote for one or many; provided their characters and qualifications do honor to our choice. When a party finds itself defeated for want of one, or a few votes, held by friends eager to give them, if they *could* conscientiously do so, will not that party naturally make efforts to secure the co-operation of those friends? Reason and experience demonstrate that they will. Sincere and constant abolitionists will thus act in every important election, with the certainty of an element as in a chemical composition, modifying with an invisible energy the whole

mass. Will political parties, with the fact fully before them, neglect this element in the composition of their tickets? Never! while parties strive for victory, or men love themselves.

I am far from deeming it the duty of an abolitionist, in all instances, to vote at all. He may, by standing entirely aloof, bear a testimony, as emphatic and effectual, as he could by actually voting. The effect on the party to which he is attached may be the same. They may see themselves defeated for want of his vote. I feel a repugnance to voting, even in the way of scattering, for a man merely because he is an abolitionist. If he does not possess other and general qualifications, which ought to command public confidence, I cannot give him a vote; and I deem it no advantage to the cause that any one should do so. Although in view of the manifold enormities of American slavery, and the incalculable mischiefs and deep disgrace, it has brought upon our country, I consider hostility to it an indispensable requisite in a candidate for a legislator, or high magistrate; still it seems to me sheer recklessness, or self-stultification, to vote for him simply on that ground. There are other interests, which it is right to consult. Besides, it would only expose our cause to contempt and injury, to send a man to a seat in Congress, for example, whose only or main recommendation is his abolition zeal. Such a man would be marked for the shafts of the enemy; and unless he were armed at all points, he would only injure and degrade us when we had sent him there. Our true policy is to accept such well known and experienced public men, as the general opinion of the community pronounced competent, unless we know to the contrary; and who superadd, to their other qualifications, a determination to make every inroad upon slavery, and slaveholding power, which they constitutionally can. Such men as have given us from forty to seventy votes, and several excellent speeches, in the House of Representatives during the last seven years; such men as Adams, Slade, Morris, Giddings, Dixon, Hoar, and Wm. Jackson; such men as these are destined to be the final agents in achieving our triumph. If we maintain our abolition integrity, in voting, or forbearing to vote, we shall have a sufficient number of such men, without extra effort, and that at no distant day.

Of the candidates set up by the Third Party, very little is known of qualifications possessed by them, beyond that of being abolitionists. I repress the rising smile, as I recall their names. Without intending any disrespect, I must be permitted to say, that no proof has come to my knowledge of their being suitable men to fill the high offices of the United States; but I will do them the justice to say that they are too respectable for their present absurd position.

There are, and always will be, until the period of our final success, many men in the community, who *would* join in demanding of their party a condition acceptable to abolitionists, but who would *not* vote against their party, for a separate abolition candidate. Is it not obvious that the votes and influence of this class,—who form a middle term betwixt anti-slavery and pro-slavery, and as such are exceedingly important, to our cause,—would be utterly lost by the operations of an anti-slavey political party? These men I do not call abolitionists; but they are in general men, who have commenced that process, through which most men must go to become abolitionists; and consequently the class will not only exist, and become more and more numerous at every stage of our progress. In pursuing the old plan of political action, we place no impediment, but smooth the way to their becoming more and sympathetic and allied with us. By a third party, we cut them off. With their respective parties, and with a bias, perhaps secret in our favor, they would render us incalculable service; but they neither would nor could render us any service at all as a separate political party.

I am not aiming to state all the objections to an anti-slavery political party, but to call attention to a few, which appear to me not to have been mentioned, or not to have been duly considered heretofore. One of these, though in my opinion the least, rests on considerations of economy. The time, expense, and drudgery, attending the details of the organization and management of any political party, are very great. Even if it were admitted that such a party would do good, and not evil, still it would be a question whether the same amount of means, might not be better applied to a large and comprehensive system of effort; especially if it were one necessarily drawing *after* it all desirable and profitable political action. Our moral agitation is precisely such a system. If I am not misinformed, the expenditure of money and labor in printing and distributing votes and circulars, corresponding, travelling, &c. in support of the abolition candidate in the Massachusetts district already referred to, was by no means small. No intelligent abolitionist, acquainted with the case, now questions that it was worse than thrown away. That discerning and eloquent advocate of the slave, Wendell Phillips, who was familiar as a lecturer with the state of the district before and after these occurrences, declared that it was greatly injured as a field of anti-slavery labor.

It will aid us in forming a just estimate of the character and value of the third party scheme, to advert a little to its origin. I have said that up to 1838, abolitionists were unanimous in favor of that plan of political action, which I have commended. All agreed that it would be unwise to bring forward candidates of our own. All declared, and none more emphatically than the Executive Committee of the National Society, the same members of which have now become the movers and leaders of the third party, that our duty and policy was not to fight political parties, but to endeavor to reform them; that to give our votes to suitable candidatas, when they offered such, and withhold them when they did not, could offend none, but would conciliate, and gradually draw them into harmony with us; that thus it would become the interest of the national parties to consult our wishes; that on the contrary, if we arrayed ourselves as a political party against them both, it would become the common interest of both to crush us; that in the one case, though comparatively few in numbers, we should, as holding the balance of power, be strong and respected—but as a separate party, weak and contemptible. Could views be more sound and dispassionate than these? We might refer to many deliberate and solemn declarations to this effect, issued by the Committee of the American Society, when Birney, Wright, Stanton, Leavitt, Phelps, &c. were members and agents. How has so great a change come over them?

Of what importance was it that Garrison, and a few other brethren, held opinions on other subjects as unpopular as abolition was at the beginning? They had a perfect right to hold such, or any other opinions, and to express them when and where they pleased; though, in point of fact, with admirable prudence and fidelity, they always endeavored to keep such discussions out of anti-slavery meetings, even when Wm. Goodell, and others, in the zeal of opposition, were earnest to bring them in.

The desire to get rid of Garrison was doubtless strong in the minds of many, long before any open disunity appeared among us; for he was not calculated to render the anti-slavery cause popular with the multitude, and he stood very much in the way of its coming under the complete control of the clergy, like most other benevolent societies. He was therefore advised by some to withdraw, as a means of advancing the cause. Had some old Bunker Hill officer with his troop, all enlisted to serve during our Revolutionary war, been known to entertain and utter the opinion that men fighting for equal human rights were guilty of gross inconsistency in holding slaves—and had Washington in the Jerseys advised all such to desist, because the principles of the Revolution were not permitted to go the whole length of their opinions—and because such opinions would be unpopular with some influential men—he would have been about as wise, and faithful to his trust as the American Executive Committee.

As the odious minority would not desert, it was thought best to exclude them by a new construction of the Anti-Slavery Constitution. It was said, "The Constitution of the Anti-Slavery Society requires us to use *all* lawful means; voting at the polls is a lawful means; therefore every abolitionist must vote, or he is virtually no longer a member." This principle, solemnly announced, and inculcated throughout the country, took many minds by surprise, and its plausibility led them captive. Mr. Birney's name had weight with some, as legal authority. As though the articles of a free and popular association, penned in a sudden and common sense manner, without weighing, knowing, or caring for the legal effect of every word, would bear the astute and hair-splitting interpretations of the bar!

All laws either enjoin, or *restrain* something; the clauses in question are of the latter character. They do not command us to do all which is lawful, but simply to *do nothing unlawful*. It was a pledge of peaceful and subordinate intentions, which the Philadelphia Convention (watched as it was with a jealous and ferocious hostility) thought proper to give for the satisfaction of respectable men, and the disarming of ruffians.

It is *lawful* to go to the South and deliver anti-slavery lectures; for preaching to the *masters* is not prohibited by law in any state. It is *lawful* to go to Louisiana, and toil 20 or 24 hours, in place of the broken down slave. It is *lawful* to go and make effort to save the negro mother from the red scourge for her unfinished task. It is *lawful* to do a thousand similar things, which we cannot stop to enumerate, and which are clearly not the *duty* of every abolitionist to do.

Mr. Birney would probably say that he could serve the cause better by avoiding these modes of action, though he would admit them to be lawful. We readily grant his claim to judge for himself; but we ask in turn that he will leave other judgments and consciences equally free, and not attempt to limit and bind them, by a construction erroneous in principle, intolerant in spirit, and too hard to be carried out in his own practice. I would respectfully urge any abolitionist who was taken in by this sophistry, and who now perceives it to be erroneous, to come forth and magnanimously acknowledge it.

About the same time that this new constitutional doctrine was broached, the idea was started that anti-slavery associations and moral suasion, had finished all they could to advance the cause. The inference was that we must one and all betake ourselves to Third Party agitation, and the omnipotence of the ballot-box. Our political brethren forgot that societies were "*lawful* means," and therefore their own construction bound us to use them, however little good they might do.

It being thus solemnly settled that every abolitionist was bound to vote, a third political party was alleged to be necessary; because without it, many abolitionists would continue to go with their party, and thus, in effect vote to sustain slavery. But who does not see that this must be the case, to more or less extent, if a third party *is* in the field? Some, who really think themselves abolitionists, will be just as liable as ever to be drawn by *their* predilections on other subjects into the maelstrom of party excitement.

A third party, even if there were no opposition to it in our ranks, would never show our whole strength in the result of an election. Our progress and importance would be constantly misunderstood and under-rated.

We should find ourselves disheartened after every vain political effort, and have to come back to the moral ground, as the giant touched his mother earth to recover strength.

As an anti-slavery political party, we could never carry even our own party with us; on the old plan we should often carry the national parties, and be cheered from time to time, by glorious victory—victory emphatically our own.

I entreat the friends of our enslaved countrymen to review this subject, and revolve it again and again, before they persist in a scheme, which to a large majority appears fraught with unmingled evil. Is not this wide division in our ranks, a reason why they should pause? At the last election, the political press throughout the country set the few votes given to Mr. Birney by the side of the million and some hundred thousand given to Harrison and Van Buren, and sneered at them, as the sum total of abolition strength. Are they willing to expose our cause, once so high and hallowed in its moral pre-eminence, to this constantly recurring contempt? Are they willing to soil and tear our pure standard, by carrying it through the dirt and draggle of every political *melee*?

In the name of God's image trampled in the dust, we entreat them to examine carefully and reflect well, before they give their influence to modes of action so utterly pernicious to the cause of freedom and humanity.—D. L. C.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. I.

DEAR FRIEND:

You ask what is now my opinion of this great Babylon; and playfully remind me of former phillippics, and a long string of vituperative alliterations, such as magnificence and mud, finery and filth, diamonds and dirt, bullion and brass, tape &c. &c. Nor do you forget my first impression of the city, when we arrived at early dawn, amid fog and drizzling rain, the expiring lamps adding their smoke to the impure air, and close beside us a boat called the "Fairy Queen," laden with dead hogs—"Grease, but *living* grease no more."

Well, Babylon remains the same as then. The din of crowded life, and the eager chase for gain, still run through its streets, like the perpetual murmur of a hive. Wealth dozes on French couches, thrice piled, and canopied with damask, while Poverty camps on the dirty pavement, or sleeps off its wretchedness in the watch-house. There, amid the splendor of Broadway, sits the blind negro beggar, with horny hand and tattered garments, while opposite to him stands the stately mansion of the slave trader, still plying his bloody trade, and laughing to scorn the cobweb laws, through which the strong can break so easily.

In Wall street, and elsewhere, Mammon, as usual, coolly calculates his chance of extracting a penny from war, pestilence, and famine; and Commerce, with her loaded drays, and jaded skeletons of horses, is busy as ever, "fulfilling the World's contract with the Devil."—The noisy discord of the street-cries gives the ear no rest; and the weak voice of weary childhood often makes the heart ache for the poor little wanderer, prolonging his task far into the hours of night. Sometimes, the harsh sounds are pleasantly varied by some feminine voice, proclaiming in musical cadence, "Hot corn! Hot corn!" with the poetic addition of "Lily white corn!—Buy my lily white corn!" When this sweet, wandering voice salutes my ear, my heart replies—

> 'Tis a glancing gleam o' the gift of song—
> And the soul that speaks hath suffered wrong.

There *was* a time when all these things would have passed by me, like the flitting figures of the magic lantern, or the changing scenery of a theatre, sufficient for the amusement of an hour. But now, I have lost the power of looking merely on the surface. Every thing seems to me to come from the infinite, to be filled with the infinite, to be tending toward the infinite. Do I see crowds of men hastening to extinguish a fire? I see not merely uncouth garbs, and fantastic, flickering lights, of lurid hue, like a tramping troop of gnomes,—but straightway my mind is filled with thoughts about mutual helpfulness, human sympathy, the common bond of brotherhood, and the mysteriously deep foundations on which society rests; or rather, on which it now reels and totters.

But I am cutting the lines deep, when I meant only to give you an airy, unfinished sketch. I will answer your question, by saying that, though New-York remains the same, I like it better. This is partly because I am like the Lady's Delight, ever prone to take root, and look up with a smile, in whatever soil you place it; and partly because bloated disease, and black gutters, and pigs, uglier than their ugly kind, no longer constitute the foreground in my picture of New-York. I have become more familiar with the pretty parks, dotted about here and there; with the shaded alcoves of the various public gardens; with blooming nooks, and "sunny spots of green ery." I am fast inclining to the belief, that the Battery rivals our beautiful Boston Common. The fine old trees are indeed wanting; but the newly-planted groves offer the light, flexile gracefulness of youth, to compete with their matured majesty of age. In extent, and variety of surface, this noble promenade is greatly inferior to ours; but there is,

> "The sea, the sea, the open sea;
> The ever bright, the ever free!"

Most fitting symbol of the infinite, this trackless pathway of a world! heaving and stretching to meet the sky it never reaches—like the eager, unsatisfied aspirations of the human soul. The most beautiful landscape is imperfect without this feature In the eloquent language of Lamartine, "The sea is to the scenes of nature what the eye is to a fine countenance; it illuminates them, it imparts to them that radiant physiognomy, which makes them live, speak, enchant, and fascinate the attention of those who contemplate them."

If you deem me heretical in preferring the Battery to the Common, consecrated by so many pleasant associations of my youth, I know you will forgive me, if you will go there in the silence of midnight, to meet the breeze on your cheek, like the kiss of a friend; to hear the continual plashing of the sea, like the cool sound of oriental fountains; to see the moon look lovingly on the sea-nymphs, and throw down wealth of jewels on their shining hair; to look on the ships in their dim and distant beauty, each containing within itself, a little world of human thought, and human passion. Or go, when "night, with her thousand eyes, looks down into the heart, making it also great"—when she floats above us, dark and solemn, and scarcely sees her image in the black mirror of the ocean. The city lamps surround you, like a shining belt of descended constellations, fit for the zone of Urania; while the pure bright stars peep through the dancing foliage, and speak to the soul of thoughtful shepherds on the ancient plains of Chaldea. And there, like mimic Fancy, playing fantastic freaks in the very presence of heavenly Imagination, stands Castle Garden—with its gay perspective of colored lamps, like a fairy grotto, where imprisoned fire-spirits send up sparkling wreaths, or rockets laden with glittering ear-drops, caught by the floating sea-nymphs, as they fall.

But if you would see the Battery in *all* its glory, look at it when, through the misty mantle of retreating dawn, is seen the golden light of the rising sun! Look at the horizon, where earth, sea, and sky, kiss each other in robes of reflected glory! The ships stretch their sails to the coming breeze, and glide majestically along—fit and graceful emblems of the Past—steered by Necessity—the Will constrained by outward Force. Quick as a flash, the steamboat passes them by—its rapidly revolving wheel made golden by the sunlight, and dropping diamonds to the laughing Nereids, profusely as pearls from Prince Esterhazy's embroidered coat. In that steamer, see you not an appropriate type of the busy, powerful, self-conscious Present?—Of man's Will conquering outward Force; and thus making the elements his servants?

From this southern extremity of the city, anciently called, "The Wall of the Half-Moon," you may, if you like, pass along the Bowery to Bloomingdale, on the north. What a combination of flowery sounds to take captive the imagination! The first derives its name from the fact, that, in primitive days, the rear of the town was composed of *farms*, called *Bouwerys*, by the Dutch; the German word *Bauer*, you know, means peasant, from which our Boor is probably derived.

Bloomingdale is a pleasant road, much used for fashionable drives; but its lovely name scarcely keeps the promise it gives the ear; especially to one accustomed to the beautiful environs of Boston.

During your ramble, you may meet wandering musicians. Perhaps a poor Tyrolese with his street-organ, or a Scotch lad, with shrill bag-pipe, decorated with tartan ribbons. Let those who will, despise their humble calling. Small skill, indeed, is needed to grind forth that machinery of sounds; but my heart salutes them with its benison, in common with all things that cheer this weary world. I have little sympathy with the severe morality that drove these tuneful idlers from the streets of Boston. They are to the drudging city, what Spring birds are to the country. The world has passed from its youthful, Troubadour Age, into the thinking, toiling Age of Reform. This we may not regret, because it needs must be. But welcome, most welcome, all that brings back reminiscences of its childhood, in the cheering voice of poetry and song!

Therefore blame me not, if I sometimes turn wearily aside from the dusty road of reforming duty, to gather flowers in sheltered nooks, or play with gems in hidden grottoes. The Practical has striven hard to suffocate the Ideal; but it is immortal, and cannot die. It needs but a glance of Beauty from earth or sky, and it starts into blooming life, like the aloe touched by fairy wand.

Yours, affectionately,

L. M. C.

Anti-Slavery Items.

ANOTHER SLAVE CASE.—A negro boy, 9 or ten years old, brought into Boston from Arkansas, by the wife of James F. Taylor, was brought before Chief Justice Shaw and Judge Wilde, on a writ of habeas corpus. It was shown by witnesses that the child was well treated; that he had father, mother, brother, sisters, in Arkansas; that Mrs. Taylor considered him a slave, and intended to carry him from Massachusetts, as such, in a few days. She called him "the handsomest, and most intelligent boy she ever knew;" he, however, had not been taught his letters, and did not know his age.

At first, he was very unwilling to leave Mrs. Taylor; this he explained to the officer, by saying he thought that those who came for him would "take him to the woods and hang him." He thought "abolitionists were people who wanted to kill him," and was therefore afraid of all strangers. The chivalrous South very generally resort to this cunning mode of protecting themselves against the spirit of freedom at the North. We remember hearing of a poor, ignorant runaway, who was dreadfully terrified at the idea of remaining a night in New-York; having been made to believe that one Arthur Tappan lived there, who, in company with other abolitionists, was in the constant habit of catching negroes, to cut them up and pack them for sale as pork.

The officer who served the writ, says this Arkansas boy now seems as fond of him, as he had been of his mistress.

The case was argued by Sewall and E. G. Loring, for the petitioners, and Hallett for the respondent. As the child is avowedly to be carried back into slavery; as he is too young to choose intelligently for himself; and as the case involves the question, whether the Court will leave a child of tender age in the custody of one who had been its master, where no actual forcible restraint was proved; therefore, it is deemed of so much importance, it is reserved for the decision of the full Court, held at Worcester, October 5th. The boy is, meantime, in the hands of bail, bound in one thousand dollars for his appearance.

JOSHUA COFFIN.—Many of our readers will recollect something about Isaac Wright, a free colored citizen of Philadelphia, who was kidnapped and sold for a slave in New Orleans. By the interposition of Mr. Coffin, and at great personal risk to himself, Isaac Wright was restored to freedom.

At the commencement of the present administration, J. C. Montgomery was appointed Postmaster in Philadelphia; but for some unknown cause the Senate did not ratify the nomination, for several weeks. At last, letters from Washington informed the new postmaster that he was accused of being an *abolitionist, because he had appointed Joshua Coffin, one of the letter carriers*; M. Collard, former letter carrier, having told of said Coffin's journey to the South West, to redeem a colored freeman from slavery! Mr. Coffin, who had, for three months, fulfilled the duties of his office in a very satisfactory manner, was ordered to quit; and a few days after, the Senate confirmed the nomination.

Verily, Tyler's administration has a "southern tendency" with a vengeance! Its inspection is as minute as that of the Inquisition. Friend Bradburn, are you glad you voted for this administration? or do you already see cause to repent it?

A RUTLAND COUNTY A. S. SOCIETY has been formed in Vermont for the "diffusion of correct knowledge on the subject of slavery, and the application of truth to the heart and the conscience." This society, at its first meeting, passed the following resolutions, among others:

"Resolved, That the American church is one of the principal strongholds of American slavery.

Resolved, therefore, That a fearful responsibility rests upon all professing Christians, and especially upon all ministers of the gospel, in relation to this subject.

Resolved, That those professing ministers of the gospel, who will neither lead nor follow in the anti-slavery ranks, are sadly wanting in Christian fidelity."

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS.—The following are some of the Conventions relating to the subject of slavery, which are notified to be held soon: The Great Western Methodist Convention, at Cincinnati, on the third Wednesday in October; Special State Convention of Baptists, in Waterbury, Vt., Wednesday, 29th of September.

"HIDE THE OUTCAST."—A Vigilance Committee is about to be formed in Haverhill, Massachusetts, for the protection of those claimed as fugitives from slavery.—The object is to obtain and communicate information in such cases, and to furnish money that may be required for legal advice, &c.

THE SLAVE INSURRECTION AT BAYOU SARA.—This terrible story has all ended in smoke. The white man is acquitted, and so are all the negroes. People who live on the sides of a volcano, may be frightened by any rumbling, even that of a cart.

COLORED CITIZENS.—The anti-slavery society in Cambridgeport, Mass. have published a remonstrance against the unchristian and unrepublican conduct of the driver of the Cambridge omnibus, in having refused to allow a highly respectable colored man and woman to ride to Boston. This is right. Let those who think justly on this subject, never fail to remonstrate, publicly, whenever such cases occur. In this instance the operation of absurd prejudice was the more cruel, as the woman was in a feeble state of health.

ATTEMPT TO RUN AWAY.—A slave, named Lewis, secreted himself on board the brig Mentor, bound for Boston. As soon as Captain Trefethen discovered the circumstance, he turned back for Virginia; but falling in with a pilot boat off the Capes, he paid liberally to have the poor slave carried back to his master. May he repent before God and be forgiven for this deed!

The Norfolk Beacon, Virginia, thus praises him:

"The captain of the Mentor has behaved like an honest man an a true sailor in this matter, and has given more conclusive evidence of patriotism than many politicians and ministers of his State. Every day's experience rivets the conviction of the policy, nay, absolute necessity, of enforcing the Inspection Law, passed by the last Legislature of Virginia."

EXAMPLE TO CHRISTIANS.—When the Bey of Tunis decreed the aboliton of the slave trade throughout his dominions, he, at the same time, gave liberty to all his own slaves!

Two men were recently arrested on the Mississippi, who gave their names as Thompson and Wells, charged with an attempt to sell a free negro. They were taken to Louisville and convicted.

SLAVES.—According to the recent census, the number of slaves in Pennsylvania, in 1840, was 64. Deduct for supposed error in Mifflin, and the number will be reduced to 43. No person who was less than 60 years old in June, 1840, should have been numbered in the census as a slave.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—The picture of the "World's Convention," by B. R. Haydon, is now being exhibited in London. The venerable Clarkson is represented as addressing the delegates from all quarters of the globe. The likenesses are said to be good, and touched with much spirit.

A METHODIST SIGN.—A well-known and decided abolitionist has been appointed Principal of the Wesleyan Academy.

ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.—At a meeting of citizens of New-York, held on Tuesday evening, August 10, friendly to an extension of equal enfranchisement to all citizens, irrespective of color or condition, fifty delegates were appointed to attend the Troy Convention, to be held August 24, to adopt such measures as may be calculated to effect the desired object.

THE ADVOCATE OF FREEDOM, published at Augusta, Maine, has been discontinued; and a new abolition paper, called "The Liberty Standard," has been started at Hallowell. It mounts the Cedar of Lebanon for a crest, and, of course, goes for the third political party. It is edited by J. C. Lovejoy, brother of the murdered Lovejoy.

JOHN G. WHITTIER., assisted by Lewis Tappan, Mr. Leavitt, and others, is to edit "The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter," published at New-York.

CHRISTIAN BENEFICENCE.—In the West Indies, a congregation of 800 persons, the slaves emancipated three years ago, some of them receiving assistance, and all of them *field-laborers, on the lowest wages*, have raised, during the last year, £800—nearly *four thousand dollars*; besides supporting Sunday-schools and day-schools, and the preaching of the gospel on twelve plantations, to three thousand souls!

THE VETO.

The President has returned the Fiscal Bank Bill to the Senate. He says that his own opinion, uniformly expressed and on various public occasions has always been against the power of Congress to create a National Bank to operate *per se* over the Union; and having taken an oath to defend the Constitution, he cannot consistently with these convictions sanction the Bill. The feature to which he makes most streneous objection is the investing a United States Bank with power and right to establish offices of discount and deposite in the several States of the Union, with or without their consent.

☞ In next week's Standard will be published a letter from Robert Hicks, to Samuel Griffith, of Mount Pleasant, Ohio; with a reply to the same, by Oliver Johnson. The letter in question relates to the correspondence, published some time since, between George F. White and Oliver Johnson, and to the charges brought by the former against abolitionists.

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 8th mo. (Aug.) 17.

For the Standard.—The following persons have paid $2 each:—Daniel Phillips, North Marshfield, Massachusetts; Nathaniel Phillips, Scituate, Massachusetts; Rev. Josiah Moore, Henry Soule, Nathan Soule, Duxbury, Massachusetts; Anna S. Thomas, Thomas Bailey, Alden Sampson, Horace Holmes, Asaph Holmes, Kingston, Mass.; J. G. Baldwin, Middletown, Ct.; Herman Bissell, Litchfield, Ct.; Sarah Barker, Somerset, Niagara Co. N. Y.; Charles B. Macy, Nathaniel Jones, Jr; Shadrich Howard, New-Bedford, Mass.

Alden Sampson, Kington, Mass., 1 00; Smith Wilkinson, Pomfret, Ct. 3 00; S. B. Nicholson, Nantucket, 1 50; Allen Palmer, for sundry subscribers at Five Corners, N. Y. $10 00.

Donations.—Asaph Holmes, Kingston, Mass. $2 00; Nathan Johnson, New-Bedford, amount of his pledge, $100 00; Friends in Leominster, Mass. $9 66; Friends in Princeton, Mass.; $1 84; Seymour Davenport, Williamantic, Ct. $5 00; M. W. Chamberlain, Fairhaven, Mass. 50 cts; Charles Kempton, do 50 cts; "Mr. Cash," New Bedford, Mass. $4 00; David Huntington, 50 cts; Seth Mitchel, Nantucket, $18 00; David Jones, Jr. do $2 00.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas.*

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary:

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; and that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard an account of the moneys that may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution, and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some *certain* data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged,		$249 00
250 H. N. Johnson, Holliston, Mass.		1 00
251 James Mott,	Philadelphia,	1 00
252 Lucretia Mott,	"	1 00
253 Anna M. Hopper,	"	1 00
254 Maria M. Davis,	"	1 00
255 Thomas Mott,	"	1 00
256 Elizabeth Mott,	"	1 00
257 Martha Mott,	"	1 00
258 Elizabeth J. Neall,	"	1 00
259 Isaac Austin,	Nantucket,	1 00
260 Ann Austin,	"	1 00
261 Charlotte Austin,	"	1 00
262 Jemima Austin,	"	1 00
263 Alice H. Easton,	"	1 00
264 Susan Paddock,	"	1 00
265 Emeline Paddock,	"	1 00
266 Anna Gardner,	"	1 00
267 Susan Clasby,	"	1 00
268 E. W. Gardner,	"	1 00
269 Allen Gibbs,	"	1 00
270 Wm. H. Harris,	"	1 00
271 Wm. H. West,	"	1 00
272 A. B. Robinson,	"	1 00
273 Jarvis Robinson,	"	1 00
274 Charles C. Haswell,	"	1 00
275 A. L. Snow,	"	1 00
276 A. H. Robinson,	"	1 00
277 Susan Robinson,	"	1 00
278 A. Folger,	"	1 00
279 David Joy,	"	1 00
280 Andrew M. Macy,	"	1 00
281 Mary B. Mitchel,	"	1 00
282 Charles B. Macy,	"	1 00
283 John B. Nicholson,	"	1 00
284 Isaiah C. Ray,	"	1 00
285 Edward Jenkins,	"	1 00
286 Isaiah C. Macy,	"	1 00
287 R. B. Baynes,	"	1 00
288 Wm. F. Parker,	"	1 00
289 W. H. Dennis,	"	1 00
290 Isaac Swain,	"	1 00
291 Obed Barney,	"	1 00
292 David Mitchel,	"	1 00
293 W. P. Crocker,	"	1 00
294 C. H. Coleman,	"	1 00
295 George A. Lawrence,	"	1 00
296 W. C. Folger,	"	1 00
297 Thomas Macy,	"	1 00
298 Eunice C. Macy,	"	1 00
299 Mary Swift Macy,	"	1 00
300 George Starbuck,	"	1 00
301 Edward J. Pompey,	"	1 00
302 Wm. M. Boston,	"	1 00
303 Mary B. Macy,	"	1 00
304 Oliver C. Gardner,	"	1 00
305 Peter Macy,	"	1 00
306 Elizabeth Macy,	"	1 00
307 Seth Mitchel,	"	1 00
308 Lydia Mitchel,	"	1 00
309 Obed Marshall,	"	1 00
310 Susan F. Barker,	"	1 00
311 A. F. Boston,	"	1 00
312 Joseph Marshall,	"	1 00
313 L. F. Macy,	"	1 00
314 Daniel Jones, Jr.	"	1 00
315 Caroline Weston, Boston,		1 00
316 Samuel Philbrick, Brookline,		1 00
317 Eliza Philbrick,	"	1 00
318 Anna R. Philbrick,	"	1 00
319 C. Gifford, Fairhaven,		1 00
320 John Bunker,	"	1 00
321 Joseph Bates,	"	1 00
322 Lydia Buffum, Valley Falls,		1 00
323 Anna Logan,	Boston,	1 00
324 Harriet N. T. Lewis,	"	1 00
325 Hannah Church, Providence, R. I.		1 00
326 Jesse Tucker, Dartmouth, Mass.		1 00
327 Wm. Howland,	" "	1 00
328 Joseph Sisson, Pawtucket, R. I.		1 00
329 Susan Talbot, Dighton, Mass.		1 00
330 Wm. Cooper, Jr. Taunton, Mass.		1 00
331 S. Woodward,	" "	1 00
322 Jerusha L. Bird,	" "	1 00
333 Mr. Cash,	New-Bedford,	1 00
334 J. B. Saunderson,	"	1 00
335 Rodney French,	"	1 00
336 Albert Thomas,	"	1 00
337 "A Colored Man,"	"	1 00
338 J. Lyons,	"	1 00
339 Shadrach Howard,	"	1 00
340 David W. Ruggles,	"	1 00
341 Maria A. Turley,	"	1 00
342 Archibald Clark,	"	1 00
343 ——— Congdon,	"	1 00
344 John M. Spear,	"	1 00
345 H. O. Remington,	"	1 00
346 Mary T. Congdon,	"	1 00
347 Sarah G. Buffum, Fall River,		1 00
348 Charles Borden,	"	1 00
349 Abby S. Sexton,	"	1 00
350 Israel Buffington,	"	1 00
351 Mary Otis, South Scituate,		1 00
352 Rachel Stetson.	"	1 00

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

CHINA.

The jealousy of the Chinese concerning the admission of any foreign woman into their territories, is so great that they punish the offence with death; and if a Chinese woman escapes, and ventures to put foot on shore again, after having been abroad, she is executed forthwith.—This is said to arise from a very ancient prophecy, handed down by tradition, that, "if ever China is conquered, it will be by a foreign woman."

They must have an uncomfortable recollection just at this moment, that England is governed by a Queen. The last tidings were, that all the batteries of the Bocca Tigris were, simultaneously, attacked, and in two hours fell to her majesty's arms. On the 18th of March, all the forts in the neighborhood of Canton, yielded to the conquerors, and the British flag was flying triumphant over the city. This renewal of hostilities had been occasioned by Keshen, the Imperial Commissioner, having failed to fulfil his engagements with Capt. Elliot. The loss of the Chinese is said to have amounted to two or three thousand; the British, one killed and one wounded. A truce has been signed, for the purpose of temporary trade.

FRANCE.

The origin of the quarrel between France and the young republic of Texas, does not appear to be generally known. We believe it was simply this: M. de Saligny, the French Charge d'Affaires at Austin, was much chagrined by the refusal of the Texan Congress to place in the hands of a French company, of which he was the projector, and in which Louis Phillippe took great personal interest, a monopoly of the valuable trade with Santa Fe. M. de Saligny did not conceal his mortification, and his conduct was, on many occasions, very offensive to the Texan government, and many of the Texan citizens. The French minister became involved in a dispute at his hotel in Austin, and ultimately the hotel-keeper commenced an action against him for the amount of his account. M. de Saligny appealed to the Texan government for support in his diplomatic privilege of exemption from being sued; a correspondence ensued thereon, which, before its close, "became very tart;" the diplomatist declared his intention of demanding his passports; the government threatened to lay a formal complaint before his court, and to request his recall. M. de Saligny has ceased to have any intercourse with the Texan government, and has referred the whole affair to the French ministers. France seems inclined to take the matter up warmly, and a flotilla of war brigs is said to be now fitting out at Toulon, for the coast of Texas.—Many of the particulars of M. de Saligny's quarrel at Austin hotel, which is the immediate cause of this *fracas*, are said to be highly ludicrous.—*London Journal of Commerce.*

The most exalted personages in France sympathise deeply with the Christian population of the East. The Queen of the French makes no secret of her earnest desire to improve the condition of the Christians in every part of the Turkish Empire.

TEXAS.

The Texan Telegraph urges the necessity of treaty stipulations between Texas and the United States, relative to the restraining of the Indians on their frontier, to the manner of collecting debts, and other matters. It says—☞ "A creeable to our Constitution, a citizen of the United States may be indebted to our citizens, and yet he cannot be imprisoned on account of his inability to pay the demand; but on the contrary, a citizen of Texas owing a debt in the United States, may be imprisoned at the will of the creditor. There is no reciprocity here.—Again the planters of the United States may remove to this Republic with slaves in any number; but our planters cannot return even with the servants they brought from that country, without rendering themselves liable to many penalties.—☜ There are many other subjects of a similar nature that should be provided for by treaty; and we hope our Government will lose no time in effecting an object so desirable.

General Items.

THE CROPS.

There has been great anxiety on account of the drought which has prevailed in various parts of the country. They have suffered much from it in Delaware, and the western counties of Massachusetts. The fields between Troy and Lebanon, New-York, have been so parched as to wear the appearance of mid winter.

In Western New-York it is said the grass crop will be very light, and the wheat hardly an average; but the Indian corn promises well.

The fields in Vermont and New Hampshire are said to promise heavy crops, especially of Indian corn.

In Berkshire and Worcester counties, Massachusetts, the grass has suffered severly from drought. The prospect of fruit is poor; but corn was never more promising.

North Carolina promises a very abundant harvest of corn.

The Virginian crop of wheat is thought to be an average one; though in many parts of the State it has suffered greatly from rust. The rye crop is much above an average; and corn was never more promising.

The accounts of wheat crops from the Western States, are highly encouraging; particularly Tennesee and Michigan. In the State of Michigan there will be an increase, over last year's product, of more than the entire product of the great Genesee Valley; for the crops in Michigan seldom looked better.

Pennsylvania papers say:

"The Crops of Wheat and Rye are excellent through the counties of Bucks, Montgomery and Berks. The Corn, Oats and Potatoes never looked better."

The Albany Argus gives the following table:

States.	*Crops.*
New-York	About an average.
Ohio	More than an average.
Indiana	Do do do.
Michigan	Do do do.
New-Jersey	About an average.
Virginia	Little short an average.
Maryland	Fair average crop.
Pennsylvania	Little above an average.
Tennessee	Above an average.
New-Hampshire	Fair average crop.
Maine	About an average.
Illinois	Above an average.
Kentucky	Little short an average.

The Journal of Commerce says: "From the best information we can obtain as to the prospects of the early crops—and we have very carefully examined the reports from the different parts of the country for a week or two past—we are inclined to believe that there will be about an average compared with former years. In some districts, the wheat crop will be light, while in others it will become uncommonly heavy. The late rains have been extensive, if not universal, throughout the wheat-growing region."

LOSS OF THE STEAMBOAT ERIE!

This beautiful boat left Buffalo on August 9th, at 4 P. M. loaded with freight and crowded with

Poetry.

From the Boston Courier.

THE DEVIL'S WALK IN WASHINGTON.

"From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
A walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his little snug farm of the earth,
And see how his stock went on."

COLERIDGE.

The Devil was tired of all his old haunts,
And he longed to gang a new way;
So one morning, he said, as he drew on his pant's,
"I'll to Washington to-day!"

He stopped in the principal Avenue,
And shook off the brimstone perfume,
And coiled up his tail; he always knew
What phase it is best to assume.

'Twas cool for him, so he opened his vest,
And gaily he twirled a light cane,
As other fops do, when they sport their best,
And, perhaps, feel a little vain.

He saw two coaches, conveying out
Two duelists, going to fight;
"Aye, aye!" quoth he, "I'll turn me about,
That will be a pleasant sight!"

He afterwards passed the market-place,
Where cattle and men were bought;
And the Devil exclaimed, "Ye angels of grace!
Here's humanity's story, self-taught!"

He stood up to see them buy and sell,
Bidding mortals off under the hammer;
And he chuckled to hear the mothers' yell,
And their children's delightful clamor.

He examined the thumb-screws, the chains, and the lash,
And took patterns to carry to Hell;
He watched all the men who took the cash,
And observed that they spent it well.

Some went to the "coffee-house," some to dice,
And some to run horses to death;
Fools call such places "abodes of vice"—
But he grinned, and held his breath.

A mob demolished a house on a hill,
Because its owner drew the latchet;
"Ah!" said he, "so they here make laws with a quill,
And break them with club and hatchet."

The Devil bethought him he would walk
Towards the Capitol, in style;
To hear the nation's guardians talk,
And encourage them with his smile.

So he dressed him in a priestly coat,
That he might not shame his friends,
And went up to see the members vote,
And shape the country's ends.

He heard all the honorable gentlemen
Speak freely of his home,
And swear and argue, and swear again,
That 'twas time a war should come.

One member rose to offer a bill;
The Devil admired his phiz,
For he always likes purple, and always will—
The Devil has reason for this.

The bill, too, he liked, for that provided
That those should be plunged in the waves,
Who owned the soil, while this was divided
To white men with gangs of slaves.

An orator made a brilliant speech,
And the Devil made him show it,
To compare with one he was led to preach,
Reported by Milton, the Poet.

Just then a Senator's honor was wounded
By something said in debate,
Whereat the chamber with words resounded,
That stunned even the Devil's pate.

He said to himself, "They're too hot for me,
These men of this upper air;
I'll get me back to my sulphur sea,
And be ready to meet them there!"

N. C.

Written for a Temperance Celebration in Elyria, Ohio.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

From gushing fount, or gurgling rill,
My cup with water pure I'll fill,
For that's the drink for me;
It cools the brow—it cools the brain—
It makes the faint one strong again,
And giveth energy.

To failing age it addeth length,
To weak or strong it addeth strength,
And cools the parched tongue;
Like breezes from the sparkling sea,
Comes o'er the sense, yet leaves it free:
'Tis good for old and young.

Then to the brim fill, fill the glass,
Around the circle let it pass,
The blessing is divine;
Our nerves are firm, our hearts are true,
When we like flowers drink naught but dew,
Pure Nature's sparkling wine.

Cold water is a mine of wealth,
The ores it yields are vigor, health,
And happiness the prize;
It cheers the heart, and brightens sight,
Like glowing beams of morning light,
That gladden as they rise.

Then will I drink of water bright,
And dream of heaven the live-long night,
Till beams of morning shine;
Then from a well a draught I'll bring,
And of its virtues will I sing;
Cold water, thou art mine!

To guard our Freedom and our Laws,
Come and advance the glorious cause,
Come join it, Old and Young;
For water sing—Hurrah! hurrah!
Be mad'ning liquors bannished far
From every lip and tongue.

THE LOCUSTRY OF BRITAIN!

BY EBENEZER ELLIOT.

The locustry of Britain
Are gods beneath the skies;
They stamp the brave into the grave;
They feed on Famine's sighs;
They blight all homes, they break all hearts,
Except, alas, their own!
While a moan and a groan,
That move th' Almighty's throne,
Bring angels' tears in pity down,
And move the Eternal throne!

The bread-taxry of England,
What awful powers they are!
They make a league with Want and Crime!
On Plenty they wage war!
They curse the land, the winds, the seas;
Lord, have they conquered Thee?
With a frown, looking down,
While they curse the land and sea,
They rival Hell, and libel Heaven,
But have not vanquished Thee!

Oh, humbly take what God bestows,
And like his own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XXI.

For some time after Lucy's departure, her brother again fell into that wavering state of mind, which had already nearly shaken his reason. He had sent from him the only earthly object to which his heart clung; he had consigned to another the precious charge which his dying father had bequeathed to his care; he had left himself alone, surrounded by ignorance and sin; while the one bright spirit God had given to cheer and sustain him in his thorny path, was, by his own act, banished from the place that nature assigned her by his side, to buffet alone with the rude encounters inevitable in the position in which he had placed her.

"Lucy, my pretty Lucy!" he exclaimed, while tears of anguish rolled down his pale cheeks, "how wilt thou bear 'the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes,' when thou hast no fond brother close at hand to love and comfort thee?"

And then his imagination, active to an excess that too surely indicated disease, placed his gentle sister before him in a hundred different situations, in which she was exposed to vulgar insolence, or still more offensive admiration.

He started up, determined at all risks to follow and reclaim her; but ere he had walked a quarter of a mile from his door, another set of images seized upon his fancy with equal distinctness. He heard the mingled accents of penitence and hope rising amidst the midnight silence of the forest, from the race oppressed in body and in soul, whom God had called upon him to succor; he saw them clinging to him and the faith he taught, in defiance of stripes and bonds. Should he forsake them? No! not even if by so doing, he could place his beloved sister on the throne of the world. No! he would share their bonds—he would partake their stripes—he would follow and exhort them to lift their tearful eyes to God, till the bloody death that threatened him should close his lips forever.

And Lucy?—must her spotless life be offered up with his? Edward's soul shrunk from the needless sacrifice; and after pausing on his way for many minutes, with clasped hands and down cast eyes, in earnest meditation, he turned back, once more relieved by the conviction, that it was his duty to send his sister from him.

Never was there a human soul on which virtue had a stronger hold than that of Edward Bligh.—Once more persuaded that he was doing right, his serenity returned, his mind recovered its wonted power, and he again believed himself capable of great and glorious actions.

He now determined upon once more seeking Frederick Steinmark. He had already made a second visit to Reichland; but the father of the family was in his fields, and he would not enter. With a spirit invigorated by renewed confidence in himself, Edward proceeded to the happy dwelling of his new friend. He was again ushered into the common sitting-room, and again stood before the noble German forester; but not as before, was Frederic Steinmark the only object upon which his eyes now rested. Standing behind him, as he sat in his accustomed chair, with one hand resting on its high back, and the other lovingly caressing the scanty curls of her father, stood Lotte, certainly much fairer than the daughters of man, if taken at their usual standard, and with a look at once so innocent and so brightly beaming with intelligence and joy, that it is impossible to conceive any thing more likely to seize upon such an imagination as that of Edward, than was her figure as thus presented to him. He gazed for one short moment only, but her image thenceforward beemse the idol of his fancy, till every throbbing pulse was hushed forever.

Lotte was engaged, when young Bligh aproached, in pleading earnestly for some favor about which her smiling father seemed to hesitate. She stopped short, however, in her eager speech, as soon as she saw him, and somewhat abashed by the ardent but involuntary gaze of the young man, courtesied slightly and prepared to depart.

Lotte knew perfectly well, however, who he was; for her father, though he carefully kept Cæsar's secret, had given so animated and faithful a description of the forest school-master, that she could not mistake him; and had he looked at her with less evident wonder and admiration, she would have greatly wished to become acquainted with a person who had so deeply interested her father. As it was, perhaps, she was not sorry when Frederic Steinmark, while he held out one hand to welcome Edward, retained her with the other.

"You must not run away, Lottchen, said he. "Mr. Bligh, this is my only daughter; and there," pointing to the open portico before the windows, "are four idle sons of mine, as much bent upon a thriftless frolic as if they were in fatherland, where gentles eat the corn they do not reap. Your coming is a Godsend for them. I really believe I shall now grant their petition,—which is for us to go, one and all, to eat our dinner and pick strawberries in a meadow behind Karl's mill,—that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to my whole family with as little delay as possible."

Edward answered with as much grace as any man could be expected to do, who was in the very act of falling desperately in love, for the first time in his life.

"That is well, then," said Steinmark, in reply to Edward's timid acceptance of the invitation; "and you may now go, Lotte, and announce to your mother, and the noisy party she has got around her, that it is my patriarchal will and pleasure this wild-goose scheme should take place; whereby we shall lose the decent comfort of my farm-house board, in order to gain the extraordinary gratification of eating a meal like so many houseless Bohemians.—Away with ye!"

Lotte bounded across the long room and through the window, whereupon the arrival of her and her news at the portico, was announced by a discharge of hurrahs, that seemed to make the welkin ring; and the instant after, the whole party dispersed and were out of sight, some in one direction and some in another, in order to collect the multitudinous articles of which the luxuries of a dinner on the grass must be composed. Lotte darted off to the garden to seek lettuces, tomatoes, cucumbers, and all the other solid delicacies with which that metropolis of the vegetable kingdom abounds.

Even in the transient glance which Edward caught of her figure, as she glided past the other windows, he perceived that she went not alone. He perceived, too, to his sudden and unspeakable torment, that the stately figure which accompanied her, seemed bending to converse with her, with a sort of courtly assiduity, that highly as he rated a brother's love among earthly affections, could not proceed from one who stood in that relation.

"Now, my friend, we are alone," said Steinmark; "my wild flock are on the wing, and I may venture to tell you that our poor runaway is perfectly restored to health and strength, after his weary travel and long fast; but I think it would be as well for you not to attempt seeing him at present."

Such were the words of Frederic Steinmark, addressed to the man who, a few days before, had spoken on this subject with a degree of feeling and agitation that it was almost painful to witness.—And how did he listen to it now? His eyes fixed upon the spot at which he had seen Lotte disappear, his ears insensible of the sounds that reached them, and his whole person having the air of a man sleeping rather than waking, he stood before Steinmark heart-struck, silent, and immovable.

The kind-tempered German smiled, as he watched a fit of absence more completely absorbing to the faculties than any, as he believed, that he had even himself indulged in. But sympathising with the malady, and feeling that it deserved all indulgence, he treated Edward exactly as he would have wished to be treated himself on all similar occasions; that is to say, he left him unmolested to recover his wits, while he pursued the lecture which the petition of Lotte had interrupted.

The pang which had transfixed Edward, though it lift a wringing anguish at his heart, which his after-life was not long enough to cure, kept not his senses enchained beyond one or two dreary moments; and he then started with a mixture of astonishment and offended pride at seeing Steinmark reading composedly in his easy chair, while he stood unnoticed before him.

Edward turned to go; but before he had taken a second step, the recollection of the party about to set off for the meadows, the invitation he had received to join it, and the gratitude he owed for the important kindness already bestowed, made him turn again, and in a voice which many conflicting feelings caused to tremble, he said,

"I fear, sir, I have intruded on you very inconveniently."

Steinmark raised his eyes, and instantly perceived an expression of wounded feeling in the countenance of his interesting guest.

"Intruded, Mr. Bligh? No, no! But do you know, I suspect that, over and above the points of resemblance which we mutually discovered in each other when last we met, I may now shake hands with you on the discovery of another. My saucy children tell me that I am the most absent man alive; but I think you beat me. Now tell me, did you hear one word of all I said to you about Cæsar?"

"Cæsar, sir?" repeated Edward, while a tingling consciousness of the cause of his strange inattention crimsoned his cheek. "I beg your pardon: Certainly I did not hear you name Cæsar. How is he, sir?"

"You could not have indulged in a fit of absence before any one more bound to forgive it, than myself," replied Steinmark, laughing; "and therefore I will repeat my assurances that your *protege* is as well as if he had never missed a meal, or feared a flogging. But what are we to do with him next, my good friend?"

Once more awakened to thoughts of earth, Edward entered eagerly and with most anxious feeling into the subject. He stated the reason he had for believing that the slave-holders throughout the country were more on the alert than ever to discover and punish all delinquences among their slaves; and hinted his serious apprehensions that Mr. Steinmark himself might suffer for the pitying kindness he had extended to the poor runaway.

"I do not think that, even were the thing discovered, they could punish me for the misdemeanor in any way that would materially annoy me," replied the German composedly; "but, tell me, Mr. Bligh, has any thing occurred to you, since we met last, to suggest the idea that these bloodhounds are more vindictive than formerly?"

Edward hesitated. "Before my answer to this question can be intelligible, my dear sir," he said, "I think I must become my own biographer."

"You could not please me better," replied his host, with a look and accent that might have given courage and confidence to the most modest spirit, that ever shrunk from such a task; "and indeed," he added, "you stand partly bound to this by promise. The preparations for our rural feasting will occupy the projectors of it for a full hour, I doubt not; I will lead you to a spot where they will be sure to seek me, but less liable to interruption than this, where I can meanwhile enjoy the gratification I so greatly wish for, of knowing something more about a man so singularly unlike those amongst whom fate has thrown him."

He led the way to the open window, as he spoke, and having left the room, proceeded across the lawn to the bank of turf raised underneath the shelter of a noble tulip tree. A semicircle of fine orange trees nearly enclosed it in the front, but left an opening to a small flower-garden, so evidently of feminine arrangement, that Edward, as he took his seat upon the bank, felt almost as if he was again in the presence of the wondrous creature, who had flashed across his sight, more, as he thought, like a vision of light than a reality. It was indeed a lovely nook—sheltered, cool, fragrant and sequestered; well suited both for confidence and repose; and here Edward Bligh recounted the sad incidents of his life, and the singular position in which they had left him and his young sister, with a simple pathos, that went to the very heart of the good German, and created a feeling of admiration and attachment to both the orphans, which he was far from attempting or intending to express in words.

"But why, in the name of kind feelings, and good fellowship, Edward, is not your dear Lucy with us here? If our situations had been reversed—if you had had the home, and I the sister, she would not have been now in Mrs. Shepherd's store at Natchez. So there is not such perfect sympathy between us, Bligh, after all."

But there was moisture in the eye of Steinmark, as he spoke; and as he uttered this reproach, he held out his hand to the object of it. Edward grasped that friendly hand with deep emotion, and replied with perfect frankness:

"Nor do I think I could have had the heart to place her there, after seeing you, had it not been for Cæsar, and for the weight of obligation I had already taken on myself for his sake. To have thrown another on your bounty, even though that other was my sister, merely because I read your generous heart in your eyes, would have been like extortion,—I could not do it."

"Surely you blundered egregiously, my young friend, in placing two such acts, as hiding a runaway negro, in a country where murder has been committed to punish those who would befriend the race, and receiving your glorious sister Lucy as a friend and inmate, upon the same footing. In the first case, I freely confess that I do think I showed myself to be a very good fellow, and that you ought to make me your best bow for receiving so dangerous a guest as Cæsar; but for the second, I most truly believe that the obligation would be much more on our side than yours. You may partly guess, Edward, how profound must be he retirement in which we live; and would it be a slight good, think you, for my Lotte to have, for the first time in her life, such a companion as your gentle, patient, and accomplished Lucy?"

There was something most deliciously soothing to the feelings of Edward in the idea that it was possible his sister might become the favorite friend of Lotte Steinmark. He murmured some few words expressive of grateful feelings, and his countenance spoke more eloquently than his tongue; but Frederick Steinmark was far from guessing what a rush of unspeakable gratitude his words had produced; for in most simple truth he meant exactly what he said, in declaring that the society of such a girl, as the Lucy of Edward's narrative, would be an inestimable blessing to his daughter."

"This day," resumed Steinmark, "will make you in some degree acquainted with my family. But there is also a young stranger with us, a countryman, who has wandered thus far from the fatherland, solely for the gratification of a wandering fancy.

My eldest son made acquaintance with him in Philadelphia, and has brought him to his forest home; and this Sigismond Von Hochland really seems to deserve all the fine things our Fritz says of him. Nevertheless, I cannot allude to your touching story, Edward, before him, till you shall yourself know him sufficiently to admit him to your friendship: but my wife must hear it, and her invitation will then be joined to mine for the speedy arrival of your dear sister among us. And yet," continued Steinmark, thoughtfully, after a moment's silence, "eager as I am for this, I do believe it will be more prudent to get Cæsar off the premises before she comes. Should he unhappily be discovered here, I fear that both you and your Lucy might suffer much inconvenience, were your share in the transaction to be traced. I suspect, that even now, you are in some degree a marked man among these abominable slave-drivers, Edward. The absence of your Woodland congregation on Saturday night most decidedly indicates alarm amongst them; and I think, therefore, that I must counsel you, contrary as it is to my wishes, to let your sweet sister remain where she is for a few days. You are quite right not to be seen with her at Natchez; but perhaps on the Sabbath, if she meets you in the forest, as you talk of, we might arrange our idle Sunday's ramble so as to effect an introduction without bringing her to Reichland. It may be some consolation for her to know that she has friends so near her."

This conversation respecting Lucy, her situation, and her feelings, did more towards restoring Edward entirely to himself, than any thing else could possibly have done. He most entirely agreed with Steinmark that there was the greatest necessity, for all their sakes, that the utmost caution should at this moment be used, in every thing with which they were mutually concerned: and this being admitted, they set to scheming and planning, proposing and rejecting, a number of devices for the disposal of Cæsar.

But their consultations were soon interrupted, their privacy invaded, and all thoughts for the future put to flight, by the appearance of the party which approached them from the house.

CHAPTER XXII.

Far in advance of the rest was Hermann. It was he, as usual, who undertook to find his father, and, more difficult far, to rouse him from whatever occupation or reverie might have thrown its chains over him, and to bring him to join the joyous set who were starting off for Karl's *Erdbeere Feld*, as the not far distant place of their destination was constantly called by all the family; though the young miller very gravely declared, that if it produced no crop more valuable than the *erdbeeren*, from which they chose to name it, he would plough it up in spite of them all. Notwithstanding this assumption of prudence in the lord of the land to which they were going, there was not one of the set who appeared to enter into the strawberry frolic with more zeal than himself. With his mother on one arm, and a huge basket on the other, Karl came next in order, the very emblem of youth, health, and cheerfulness. His large straw hat seemed rather to be suspended upon some sturdy bunch of his thick, sunny curls, than to be fixed in the ordinary mode upon his head; while his laughing blue eyes looked out from under it as if to challenge the anticipated exclamations its extraordinary position might elicit.

Mary, who looked, as her husband often told her, a great deal too pretty and too young to be the mother of so stalwart a youth, walked beside him, looking up into his bright young face, with an eye almost as mirthful as his own; though in sage and sober accents, she repeated once and again—

"Karl! Karl! what will your countryman, and a baron too!—think of your wild ways? Be sober, Karl, or upon my word I must fall back upon the squadron behind. What a very queer boy you are! Whenever you are more than commonly disposed to be whimsical, it seems to me that you always select me for your companion. I am afraid I have very little dignity, Karl."

"Not the very least bit in the world, mother.—Now if you were only in the slightest degree like my ever reverenced, honored and honorable aunt Karoline, Baroness Von Uberkumpfen, now differently would all your children treat you! But don't take on, mother,—it can't be helped now; so you may as well bring down your spirit to your condition, and submit to be loved and adored by your republican children, just as if there was no such thing as dignity in the world."

Behind the mother and son followed the unrustic figure of Fritz, very carefully and cautiously driving a wheelbarrow, containing all the weightier matters necessary to the feast; and the procession closed by a trio, consisting of Lotte, Sigismond Van Hochland, and Henrich.

When they first started, Henrich was as usual at Lotte's side; but ere they reached the orange trees, the description Von Hochland was giving her of the scenery near his own residence in Westphalia won him from it, and the stranger was now walking between them. The gay and animated young man spoke in his native tongue, which, though native also to his companions, was no longer their ordinary language; and it had for both of them a charm, which certainly increased the pleasure with which they listened to him. Lotte, though her gayer spirits prevented her pining for the land of her birth, with the intense longing after it which embittered the existence of her brother, had nevertheless drank in its poetry, and revelled in the descriptions of its scenery, till she too was as devotedly a child of Germany in her heart, as himself; and loved its voice, and its music, its storied castles, and its sunny hills, as if she remembered the early days she had passed among them. The arrival of Sigismond was certainly the most animating event that had ever broken the monotony of their peaceful lives; and perhaps it was some consciousness of the pleasure he gave, which inspired the animated expression his handsome countenance wore, as he rapidly poured forth his recollections and his feelings to the willing ears of the brother and sister. But though earnestly engaged in conversation, they were nevertheless as actively assisting, as the rest of the party, in the business of the day. Henrich bore in each hand a basket of something, he knew not what, which Karl had committed to his charge; Sigismond had swung over his shoulder, with very reverend care, a delicate frail, filled with sallad, entrusted to him by Lotte; while the fair maiden herself very daintily balanced between her two hands, at first setting out, a little basket without a handle, packed by herself, wherein, woman-like, she had mixed utility with elegance; for it contained cream from her own pretty dairy, enough, according to Hermann's instructions, to drown all Karl's strawberries, together with abundance of sweet scented flowers to strew around the spot they should select for the scene of their repast. But as Sigismond grew more animated, this double handed caution became more embarrassing; for she could not look towards him without endangering the balance; so at length she stopped, saying, "Henrich, do you think we could contrive to envelope my cream and flowers in a napkin, and then swing it over a stick, as Herr Sigismond has done his frail?"

It was exactly as the trio stopped to make the proposed alteration in the arrangement of the luggage, that Steinmark and Edward, obeying the call of Hermann, came forth from the shelter of the orange trees, and joined the party. Steinmark felt that he had perhaps enlisted his new friend in a party too gaily light-hearted to be agreeable to one who had so many heavy cares upon his mind; but it was done, and could not be recalled; so the next thought that crossed his benevolent mind was how to make the day pass pleasantly with him. He perceived at a glance that the gay young baron was enlisted into the playful service of the hour; and perceiving some unfinished arrangement about the packages which surrounded Lotte, he put his arm through Edward's, and leading him up to her said, "Here, Lottchen, I bring you a very valuable recruit, able and willing to help you in all the vagaries you may choose to perform. Herr Hochland, give me leave to introduce to you my valued friend, Mr. Edward Bligh."

If Frederick Steinmark's object was to put Edward at his ease, he failed completely: it was not ease he felt,—every faculty was on the stretch, every sense was strained. But if thoughtless of his ease, his purpose was to make him happy, he succeeded perfectly; happiness unfelt, unknown, unimagined till that moment, throbbed in his breast and bounded through his veins.

He was close to Lotte. Lotte was speaking to him; she smiled too, smiled on him, as she placed the light burden on his arm; and with the exception of some ecstatic intervals, when a rapt enthusiasm had seemed to raise him altogether above the joys of this mortal state, this moment was decidedly the happiest of his life.

Joyously then did the troop march onward towards the mill. But though the distance was short, the way—on this occasion, at least, was long.—Fritz overturned the wheelbarrow at one spot, and Sigismond's frail slipped off his stick at another.—Lottchen stumbled as Herr Hochland was talking to her of fatherland; but Edward was close behind, and his hand prevented her basket, if not herself, from falling. Steinmark and Herrmann amused themselves with finding out cross nooks in the short bit of forest they had to pass, and then trying who could best recover them,—an exercise at which the senior beat the junior hollow. Mary and Karl continued together, and pursued with as much steadiness as the gambols of the young miller would permit; and Henrich still hung on the skirts of his countryman, enjoying from time to time such renewal of their former conversation as the desultory nature of their progress would permit.

But it was astonishing to observe the multitude of unforseen accidents which detained them. Sometimes, it was a very harmless snake, which darted from bush to brake before them, but which Karl, in the superfluity of his activity, declared must be chased and put out of harm's way; which meant, as he explained it, to be placed beyond the power of giving or receiving injury for evermore. Then Lotte's eyes were accidentally raised to a marvellous cluster of wild grapes that hung above their heads, and the baskets must be placed on the ground, and the grapes must be won, before another *step* forward could be taken. At another time a whole bevy of butterflies seemed to spring up, as it were, from the ground, and showed themselves so brighly beautiful to the unaccustomed eyes of the gay Sigismond, that he must perforce catch some of them. Then followed laughter at his want of skill, accompanied by consolatory assurances that what he mistook for marvels were in truth the most ordinary insects that Louisiana produced. In short, so much time was expended in this ramble over a plain path of a mile and a half long, that by the time they reached the *Erdbeere Feld*, Karl, who proclaimed himself master of the revels, as one of his manorial rights, declared that if they did not all and every one of them set about gathering the strawberries forthwith, and that steadily and perseveringly, without gossip, sport, or idleness of any kind, they might as well set off to return again as they came; for the purpose of the expedition would be defeated, inasmuch as it would be found impossible to complete the work in reasonable time for dinner.

This solemn remonstrance produced the desired effect. In a moment, the whole party were to be seen scattered singly over the field; and though before the commanded quantity was fully furnished, some alteration in the disposition of the gleaners took place, and Sigismond had approached Lotte on one side, and Edward on the other, the business on the whole was well and punctually accomplished; and then the riot and the din of unpacking the wheelbarrow, and disposing with all imaginable inconvenience and enjoyment its contents upon the grass, followed; and that sort of happy noisy, confusion took place, which those only can conceive who have shared in the very delightful, but very unaccountable, enjoyment of preparing a dinner upon the grass. A few short hours before, any one who well knew Edward Bligh would have declared that no scene could have less charm for him than the one in which he was now engaged. Mirth, in his best and happiest days, had but little attraction for him; and though he loved to wander for hours amid the beautiful scenery of his native state, the contemplative temper of his mind communicated pensive, quiet composure to his step, as unlike as possible to the noisy, bounding progress which at one moment sent his present companions forward at the rate of five miles an hour, while at another they all stopped short, as if spell-bound, to find subject for mirth in they knew not what, and an excuse for tarrying, they knew not why. Still less, perhaps, was the scene which followed such as he would have heretofore joined in with pleasure; but now his eyes shot forth glances of young joy, as he found himself seated on the grass beside Lotte Steinmark. Could he have looked at her heart, he might perhaps have lost a portion of the intoxicating pleasure he now, for the first time, tasted. He might have seen that the ready ear, the gentle smile, the courteous reply she lent him, were rather the result of what she believed to be her father's wishes than of her own. He might have discovered, that even while her beautiful eyes were turned on him, she was unconsciously listening to every word pronounced, whether to her or to another, on the other side, where sat Sigismond. But he saw, he knew nothing, but that he was seated, in dear, familiar, friendly intercourse, beside the only woman who had ever charmed his senses, and taught him to know what poets mean by love.

In truth, it was a pleasant banquet to all. The jovial laugh went round, and so did the bright light goblet of their native wine—a luxury furnished by the good Baron Steinmark in greater abundance than his rustic brethren wished or approved; but on occasions like the present, the forest family drank to their distant kinsman's health with cordial gratitude. Then followed some of their still fondly cherished native airs. Lotte sang with the wild, untutored sweetness of a bird. Her ear was excellent; and Henrich taught her, by his flageolet, all the most popular tunes of Germany, a large collection of which had been sent him by his uncle. The words, too, which she sang, were, generally, of Henrich's composition, and for the most part expressed his clinging love for the soil that gave him birth.

It was, perhaps, in compliment to Sigismond, that Lotte, on this occasion, selected a ballad in which Henrich had poured forth, on a well-known German air, and in his native tongue, all the glowing, patriotic feelings, which more than warmed—which, in truth, burned in his breast; and the touching style in which she sang it, gave sufficient evidence that every word found its echo in her own heart. Frederic and Mary exchanged a glance, and sighed: they well knew Henrich's love of a country which was no longer his; but, till now, they had neither of them been fully aware how deeply Lotte sympathized in this feeling.

The effect of the ballad, and Lotte's manner of singing it, was sufficiently powerful on all present. Edward, who understood quite enough of the language to catch the feeling it inspired, would have joyfully given half the existence remaining to him on earth, could he, thereby, have become a native German. The eyes of Henrich overflowed; and even his gay brothers, now so firmly rooted in the soil to which they had been transplanted, looked sad and thoughtful. Young Sigismond alone enjoyed the whole thing—melody, words, and the deep feeling which accompanied them—with unmixed delight. "Charming! charming! charming! charming!" he exclaimed, with clasped hands, and glistening eyes. "How little did I expect to hear such sounds in a Louisianian forest!"

"And now, Sigismond," said Fritz, "it is your turn. Lotte's words I never heard before; but she sang them to the same air, if I mistake not, on which you composed your patriotic rhapsody. The tune is good enough to hear twice. We have had, as I guess, the Steinmark version; now let us have the Hochland."

A vivid blush dyed the cheeks of the young baron, at this address; but it passed in an instant, and with equal frankness and good humor, he drew a flute from his pocket, and having skilfully played the beautiful national air, which Lotte had just sung, he laid the instrument aside, and sang to the same notes, and in his own musical language, some verses which he had written a few weeks before, at Philadelphia, and performed for the benefit of his friend Fritz.—The thoughts, when put into English, might be rendered as follows:

"Hark to the strain!
Let me hear it again—
'Tis a spell that can waft me o'er land and o'er sea;
Oh! hark to the strain!
Is it pleasure or pain,
That sends my heart, Father-land! throbbing to thee?

It is glorious, when Fancy has taken the helm,
To mount the gay bark, that shall bear us along;
And to bound at her touch, to some newly-found realm,
There to wander with her, its strange children among.

And what is the strain
We would gladly hear, then?
'Tis the cheering yo! yo! and the favoring gale,
That should sing through our rigging, and tighten our sail.

And 'tis more glorious still, when, with light-hearted glee,
We, in truth, start to wander o'er land and o'er sea;
When the eye of the body roams, hoping to find
Things as fair as they seem to the eye of the mind.

And all may seem fair—and the eye may explore,
With gladness, what ne'er met its glances before;
But the heart aches to feel, that the farther we roam,
The more sadly will echo repeat the word, 'home!'

Then, hark to this strain!
Let us hear it again—
'Tis a spell that can waft us o'er land and o'er sea;
Oh! hark to the strain!
Be it pleasure or pain,
That sends our hearts, Father-land! throbbing to thee."

As a translation never fails to mar the original, it is but fair to believe that the young Sigismond's verses deserved, in part at least, the applause he received; but when they were ended, and resuming his flute, he again drew from it the sweet familiar notes so well known to every individual present, except poor Edward, no word of praise followed them, but a tear stood trembling in every eye.

Karl dashed the foolish tell-tale from his cheek, exclaiming, as he filled his glass with Rhenish wine:

"Here's a health to our Father-land! and a health to thee, too, thou dangerous minstrel of 'home;' but remember, that at the next feast I give upon this 'bit'——this only bit that I can ever hope to call mine, I will not invite you to share it, unless you promise and make oath, before you take your place at the banquet, that you sing no strain that shall send our hearts, aching, back to the land our eyes can never see more."

Henrich had buried his face in his hands, as they rested on his knees. Lotte's eyes seemed rooted in the earth, but her fair face wore no doubtful meaning. Steinmark's head sank upon his bosom; but it was an attitude not unusual with him, when indulging the thick-coming fancies drawn from all things, known and unknown, in heaven and on earth. Hermann, however, as usual, sat very near him, and was aware that that noble and gentle bosom heaved with some painful emotion. Fritz caught the expression of his brother's eye, and understood in a moment that the impression made by his friend's song was becoming painful to nearly the whole party. Moved, probably, more by the wish to put a stop to this, than from any sensation of vehement gaiety, he exclaimed,

"We have sung our songs: now let us dance; and Mr. Bligh may fancy himself in Father-land at once. Mother, you shall waltz with me; Lotte shall take Henrich for her partner; Karl must make the best he can of Hermann; Sigismond shall play to us; and my father and Mr. Bligh sit in judgment on the performances of the whole party."

Fritz suited the action to the word; and, springing on his feet, he bounded, in a genuine waltzing step, to the place where his mother sat. But she shook her head, saying,

"No, no! Fritz, we can none of us waltz now.—But come, boys, let us gather up the fragments of the feast, and move homeward. Come, Lotte, love! The sun is getting low, and, Americans though we be, we may get a chill if we sit here much longer."

The whole party was immediately put in action, and the bustle which ensued did much towards chasing the gloom that appeared to threaten them; but the young baron was by no means insensible to the effect his song produced; and as they strolled slowly homeward, he could not resist the inclination he felt, to ask Lotte if he were right in thinking that she had betrayed a more tender recollection of her native country than was likely to make her quite happy in her adopted one.

"I hope you are quite wrong," she replied, with a smile, which was, however, followed by a sigh, as she added: "It is Henrich who has infected me with this vain longing for a home that can never again be mine. But this is folly, if it be not worse. I fear, even, that my father remarked the unreasonable feeling your song produced. Indeed, Herr Hochland, you must sing no more such songs to us."

"Yet I would sing forever," thought the young man, "could I but so lure this matchless creature back to my native land." But he did not speak the thought: and the return of the party was much more silent, and much less gay, than their setting out. Frederic, especially, seemed to have lost his gentle, placid cheerfulness; and though he continued to converse with Edward with the same warmth of kindness as before, the spirit of his conversation was fled. The delicate-minded, and sensitive Edward, though his knowledge of German was very imperfect, had caught and understood the feeling which had touched the hearts of the exiles, while listening to the minstrelsy of their countryman; but he was far from conceiving how deeply the witnessing this feeling in his children had affected the heart of Frederic.

Steinmark had brought his family from Germany to America, because he believed it to be the best thing he could do for them; and though some natural yearnings towards his native land, had occasionally thrown a shade of melancholy over his solitary musings, he had never conceived the idea that such meditations were shared by his light-hearted children. Still less did he imagine that these recollections, which he had never permitted himself to allude to, should, notwithstanding his caution, be the subject of deep and enduring regret to them all.

Though Frederic Steinmark was more capable than most men, of combating his own feelings, he had no such power when encountering those of his children. The discovery he had just made, oppressed him heavily, and he longed to be alone. Nevertheless, he remembered that it was some days since Edward had seen the prisoner, and he, therefore, detained him till, having seen the whole family safely established in the sitting-room, he could take him safely to the loft in which he was concealed.

With cautious steps, they threaded their way behind the out-buildings of the farm, and having entered an empty barn, and, secured the door behind them, they mounted the ladder that led to the little chamber above; but when they entered and looked round it, its sable tenant was no longer visible.

Every hole and corner was examined, but in vain. However strange the fact appeared, it could not be doubted—Cæsar was gone.

"This is very strange, Bligh," said Steinmark; "so devotedly attached as this poor fellow appeared to you, is it possible that he should thus leave the asylum in which you had placed him, without letting you know his intention?"

"It is not possible," replied Edward, in a voice of great emotion. "The poor fellow has been traced, and seized. Unhappy boy! his fate will be dreadful!"

"But surely if this were the case, some of the people about the farm must have known it, Edward? Remember, that, though it is just possible he might have been traced to the premises, it is not so, that his pursuers should so exactly know where to find him, as to render all search needless."

"But did they not choose their time well? Your whole family absent—your servants occupied at their mid-day meal, perhaps. Alas! Mr. Steinmark, I have not a shadow of hope; not a doubt but that he is in the hands of his ferocious and remorseless enemies. My poor Cæsar!"

Steinmark answered not, but carefully examined the rough chamber in which they stood.

"It was here, too," he said, at length, "that I always found him seated, when I made my nightly visit to him: it was here I left him, last night, a little after ten o'clock. He was in the habit, remember, of constantly employing the hours of his captivity either in reading the books I left with him, or in making the little wicker baskets, for which he cut and prepared the materials with his knife. Had he been so employed when taken, should we not find some symptoms of the sudden interruption?—But observe—here are the four volumes that I lent him, put carefully together on this rafter; and there is neither knife, basket, chip, nor stick of any kind, to indicate that he was broken in upon during the hours of light and occupation. Observe, too, that there is no remnant of the food I brought him; and there was more than he could have eaten till the twenty-four hours were past. In short, improbable as it may appear, I am persuaded that Cæsar took his voluntary departure, in the course of last night; and that, unless he encounters some mischance, we shall probably find him here again, as unexpectedly as we lost him."

"He is most madly rash, then," replied Edward, who, while almost convinced by the reasonings of Steinmark, found little to console him in admitting the result. "They tell that dogs are used, to hunt down the unhappy runaways; and, if so, the poor fellow's power of gliding on his belly, like a snake among the bushes, will not long avail him. But it is useless to meditate on the dangers into which he may have thrown himself. I cannot thank you, sir,—I cannot thank you, as I ought to do, for all your generous kindness to him—and to me. Let me not longer detain you from your family. Farewell!"

"Stay, Edward!" exclaimed Steinmark, retaining the hand extended to him; "why should you leave us? Cæsar is gone, and, therefore, my roof is no longer a dangerous one to you. Return with me to the house, and after supper we will give you a gayer song than that with which the young traveller regaled us to-day."

Nothing could so soon have restored the usually even spirits of Frederic Steinmark to their tone, as perceiving that Edward had need of cheering kindness, to support him under the anxiety he felt for Cæsar; but though poor Bligh felt to his heart's core, the sincerity and benevolence of the invitation, and though there was something more at his heart, perhaps stronger still, which prompted him to accept it, he was conscious that such heavy sadness rested upon him as must render him more a burden than an acquisition to his new friends. There was not one of them, not excepting the young baron, who had not, repeatedly, during the day, demonstrated the most cordial desire to make it pleasant to him; and not an accent, not a movement, which testified this good will, but had been felt and appreciated by its object: but poor Edward's very soul had been shaken by the emotions of this eventful day. He knew not what to make of the strange battling of contradictory impulses within him. Never, till this day, had he been addressed in a voice of kindness, to which his own voice had not responded cheerfully; but when young Sigismond had courteously attempted to draw him into conversation, a something within him seemed to make him shrink from the frank and graceful young man, almost with loathing. When Lotte spoke to him, and with her gentle, kindly smile, sought to draw him into the family circle, the effect was stranger still. When she spoke to another, his life seemed to hang upon her accents; when she looked at another, the light seemed to have passed from his eyes, and a deep shadow to overc